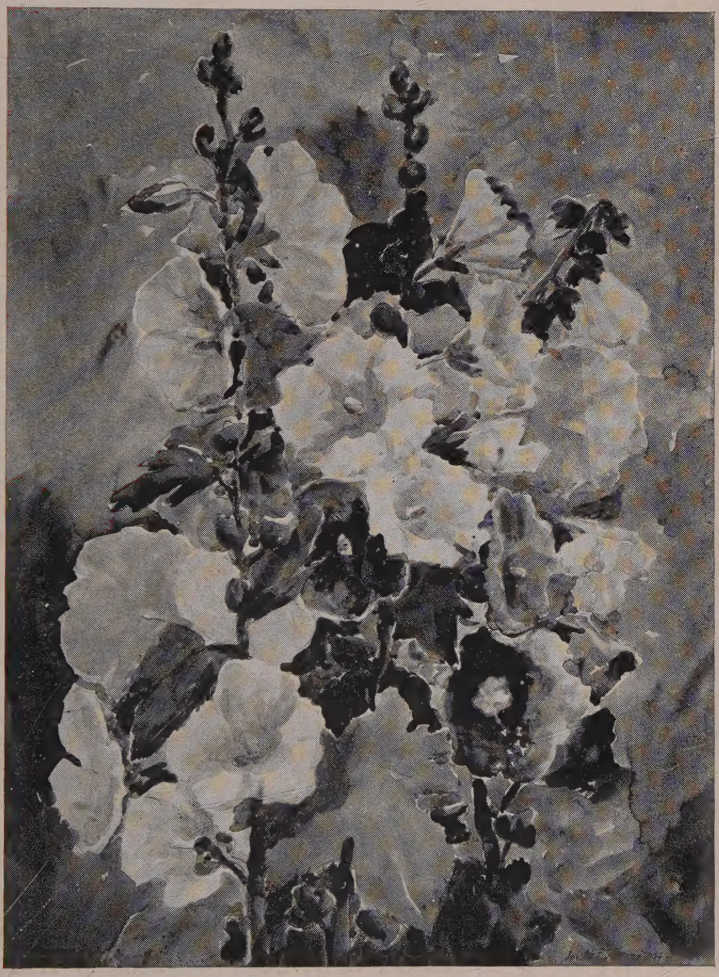
The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV AUGUST, 1937 No. 8



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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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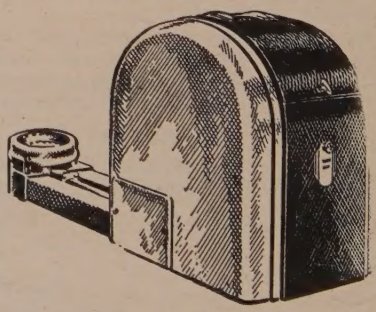

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Your Song

By Sylvia Probst

Yesterday I walked through browning fields
To bring our white Chrysanthemums to you.
A wind beside me rattled in dead corn,
And overhead some wild geese brushed the blue.

How strange that all the restlessness I felt
In Autumn's woods and fields and far-flung skies,
Should make me think of something that I saw
Once in the mystic blueness of your eyes.

Nobody knew. Your hands grew rough and old
Because of menial tasks throughout the years,
But when pipe organs whispered soft refrains
Your eyes would ache with burning unshed tears.

You made a paradise of common things
When fate denied to you your great desire—
The light of evening stars and tapers glimmering—
Though in your heart there lived a smouldering fire.

And yet my dearest dear, God must have known,
Perhaps on heaven's street you've reached that goal,
But no musician knew a lovelier song
Than was the perfect music of your soul.

And though for you there were no gilded ways,
Though desolate and steep the road you trod,
Your song, my dear, was so worthwhile to me
Because of it I learned to know of God.

MONUMENT TO SACAGAWEA IN THE PARK AT BISMARCK, N. D.

Photograph by Risem, Bismarck.

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Poverty

By Linda S. Fletcher

THE setting sun was just jewel-tinting the surrounding mountain ranges, when Mary Hamlin, astride a horse, drove a straggling herd of milk cows to the boarded corral and proceeded to milk them. There was a song on her lips and a look of shining happiness on her somewhat hard face, molded into lines of rebellious acceptance by life on this Utah-Arizona dry farm. Poverty had played havoc with her dreams, but it now seemed that her most cherished ambition was to be realized, and she forgot the disappointments she had known.

There was peace on this isolated farm,—peace in the low murmur of the pines on the wooded upland where nestled the little gray house; and the evening calm seemed to emphasize the exultant song of the toiling woman.

When the last scanty udder was empty, Mary carried the foaming pails to the little out-building where the separator stood. Of an old-fashioned make, it was distressingly hard to manipulate; but the woman seemed tireless this evening.

The feeding of the persistently grunting swine completed the chores, and then Mary hurried into the house to prepare supper. From her well-filled cellar shelves, she selected some choice fig preserves for the meal, and then she added several other dainties to the board.

As she worked, she paused every now and then to listen at the door, and soon she was rewarded by hearing the sound of leisurely approaching wagon wheels. She hurried out to welcome her children.

Her daughters, Norma and Elva, had been away all Summer, working at a hotel in a nearby town. Jim, the fourteen-year-old son, had been to bring them home. They were vivaciously glad to be back, greeting their mother affectionately, and praising the good things she had prepared for their supper. Mary's eyes glowed with pride as she gazed upon their fine, intelligent faces.

It had been the dream of her life to educate her children well. Jim had completed the district school work the preceding Spring, and now all three were ready for high school. It was necessary that they go some miles to the college town to get their high-school training, and Mary had planned to go with them to keep house while they attended school. The girls had earned money for clothes and tuition; and Arthur Hamlin, the husband and father, was

now at Hurricane making arrangements to sell enough cattle to supply the money necessary for their other expenses.

MARY proudly exhibited the stacks of quilts and table cloths she had made from "pieces" and flour sacks, all adorned with hand embroidery and fine stitches; and then she took the girls into the cellar to see the fruit she had put up for winter.

"Would that Daddy were as much of a manager as you are, Mumsy," declared Elva, the sixteen-year-old daughter, as they surveyed their mother's handiwork. "Do you think he will sell the cattle?"

Mary smiled. "He promised to let them go at any price." Then her face took on a look of determination that still had back of it a longing that was almost a prayer. "He has failed me so often,—but he can't fail us now. I couldn't bear it. This is the one dream I have had that must come true!"

Merry hopefulness did not return until the girls were unpacking. They got out the dress materials and fashion magazines they had purchased, and indulged in an orgy of planning for their school wardrobes. Well they knew that their mother's clever fingers could reproduce any model that they chose. Was not their home beautiful with her needle-work —the embroidered curtains and counterpanes, table runners, cushions, rugs, all the product of her good taste and skill?

IT was late when Mary retired. She must have a last look at her girls who had left her dreaming over the magazines. As she stood looking at the picture they made in the soft radiance of the moonlight that entered through the open window—Elva's bright curls mingling with Norma's darker tresses—a little voiceless prayer escaped her lips, "Help me to give them life's choicest gifts."

THE next day, the Hamlin's set off for a picnic in the pines to which all the neighboring farmers were coming with their families. The good old community jollity that the Latter-day Saints are so expert in producing was the order of the day. Jim had brought his ukelele, and Norma and Elva sang all the new songs they knew.

After the songs were over, Ralph Howe and his mother came over to greet the girls. The Howes were neighbors of the Hamlins, and the young people were soon eagerly engaged in comparing notes concerning the Summer's happenings and planning for the good times to come that Winter at school. Ralph had attended high school for two years, and they never tired of his stories of school life.

The day of communal intercourse was over all too soon. At home the girls donned the customary overalls. Norma busied herself around the house, while Elva rode off to bring in the cows.

As Elva reached the gate in the rear of the plodding ruminants, Ralph Hyde, who had driven over and had reached the gate at the same time, felt a quick thrill at her sweetness. "Funny I never noticed before what a sweet kid she is," he thought.

With a laughing, "Allow me," he made an entrance for her charges, and then walked by her side to the house, his gay conversation awakening the girl's pretty laughter.

Norma had finished setting the table and was now at the old-fashioned piano. The music she was coaxing from the lovingly cherished instru-

ment was so beautiful that it hushed the laughter of the boy and girl as they paused in the door-way.

Mary Hamlin sat in a dream near her daughter, visioning the fulfilling of her hopes for her children. Norma played with a touch of genius. When the music ceased, Ralph applauded softly. "You play well, Norma; you will be a 'wow' at school!"

When Jim entered with the milk and cream, Ralph ate supper with them; and then they all went driving with him out into the sweetness of the desert twilight.

WHILE they were away, Arthur returned. He looked somewhat dejected, and squared his shoulders in moody defiance as he thought of Mary's sharp tongue. Well, there was little to tell. He busied himself, setting out some supper of which he partook in moody silence, furtively listening.

When the family returned, after bidding Ralph goodnight at the gate, they found Arthur sitting in an arm-chair with his back to the door, reading. They stopped in the doorway when he did not turn around, all anxious to formulate an eager question, yet dreading a disappointing answer.

But Mary had faced too many disappointments to make her wait long to hear what news her husband might bring.

"Arthur, have you nothing to say to us?"

Arthur, in his efforts to appear unconcerned, seemed brutally dogged. He answered without turning. "The buyer I went to see is taking only a limited number, and that at an absurdly low price. I won't let my steers go at the price he is paying."

The girls and Jim seemed stunned. Mary, in an over-mastering rage, rushed forward and seized her husband's arm.

"Do you mean that you have failed me again? This is the end! Poverty! Poverty! How my life has been blighted by it!"

She turned to the children who were gazing at her in alarmed and tearful wonder. "We will ask no more of your father. I will see that you go to school."

Arthur made no plea. His apparent coldness cloaked a feeling of utter dejection as he realized how little anything he could say, any defense he might make, would alter his wife's decision. Out into the barn he went to throw himself on the fragrant hay and there combat the weight of sorrow he was too proud to show to anyone.

THE next few days Mary packed up her fruit and vegetables and her own and the children's belongings. Not many days were needed in which to complete her preparations for departure, and she did not prolong them. The little house looked bare enough when all her home touches were removed. Mary took down curtains, and packed up embroidered articles that decorated the rooms, only to put them back in their places with smarting eyes. She could not leave Arthur a despoiled home—not in that sense, anyway.

One day as she was sorting papers at the desk, she found in one of the drawers a house plan she and Arthur had drawn up together when he had brought her, a happy, hopeful bride, to his farm. Vividly she recalled the first years together—her ambitious planning that they should buy up-to-date machinery and a better grade of cattle. But it seemed to her, Arthur had made no very determined effort to have her dreams come true. He had resented her

assumption of authority and superiority and had gone on making a failure of his operations. Mary had become shrewish in her revolt against the barrenness and defeat of life.—They had drifted farther and farther apart; she could not turn back now.

Arthur went about his work with apparent stolidity, but his lips often echoed the tortuous thoughts that found lodgment in his brain: "I must somehow prove to her that I am not worthless; I can't let her go, she is part of me!"—but the habit of restraint had become so strong within him that he did not believe that Mary's decision to go might be changed.

WHEN at last Mary and the children were ready to leave with a loaded wagon, Arthur was somewhere out in the fields, and there were no goodbyes to say. The children, convinced by their mother's constant indictments that their silent, undemonstrative father was a hindrance to their progress, said no word but gazed their farewell to the farm in silent wistfulness. This mood was soon forgotten, however, in the beginning of what to them seemed boundless adventure. This was their chance to win success in the world about which their mother had told them so much. She had planned their future with them ever since they had been old enough to be impressed with ideals.

No one knew that the father, left behind, groaned in anguish of soul at his failure, and resolved then and there that he would do all in his power to redeem that failure. And the mother, no longer sustained by anger, found it hard to go out on her self-appointed way, for conscience whispered that she was not altogether guiltless.

ARRIVED in the little college town that was their goal, Mary found, after much difficulty, a house that satisfied her ideas of a suitable place to live, and then advertised for boarders. This was the only way that appeared whereby she might earn the money for necessary expenses. Two boys came to her first, and before long four more boarders were added to her family.

The winter was a long, hard one for Mary. So much housework to do, sewing for the girls to be managed, and the necessity for the most careful expenditure of the money she received from her boarders, in order that it might cover her expenses, all weighed heavily upon her. She felt amply repaid, however, when she went out to the dances and social gatherings of the college and noted how popular her children were, and how well they looked in their home-made clothes.

Norma's teachers were delighted with her talent at the piano, and when, one day, Elva came home, excitedly bringing the news that she had won the principal part in the school play, Mary felt more than repaid for her long hours of toil.

SPRING came early—as it does in that semi-tropical country—bringing with it the usual quota of tourists across the Arrowhead Trail; and Mary received an offer to act as housekeeper at the principal hotel. The girls could have jobs there, also, and there was work for Jim in the garage.

ON the dry-farm, Arthur, urged on by his resolution to make good, at last waked to his opportunities. He recalled the practical improvements Mary had always urged him to make. With the help of Ralph, who was home as usual for the Summer and pitied the lone man

who was his neighbor—he was able to buy the tractor and threshing outfit that he needed, as well as some minor tools, and was encouraged to get rid of his profitless cattle. He again experienced a thrill of interest as he gained faith in himself. When fall came, crops had been so good that he was able to send a substantial check to his wife. He hoped that the mute proof of his endeavor to make good would win some kind approval of his efforts.

Mary did not even open the letter. She could not trust herself to do so, though her better self pleaded with her to give her husband a chance to plead his cause.

"I have put my hand to the plow; there is no turning back now until I have accomplished what I set out to do," she muttered as she returned the letter.

Arthur was very much hurt by the return of his peace-offering, but still he could not give up hope. "Some day," he said half aloud to himself, as he went grimly forth to his work at the harvest.

FOUR years flew by in a maze of school joys and triumphs for the Hamlin children. But the years had not been so happy for Mary. Too much work had left her little leisure to enjoy. Norma had worked only one Summer at the Hotel and had then decided that housework was not good for her hands. Both Norma and Elva had been admitted to the companionship of girls who had every advantage that money could buy; and Mary found her every moment occupied with tasks for which her girls found no time—there was always a dress to press or some sewing for her to do when the hotel work was finished.

How happy she was when they came home one day to tell her that they had all been offered positions in a nearby school—Norma, as music teacher, Elva, as oral reading teacher, and Jim, as instructor in the manual-training department.

"We can rent a pleasant cottage where I can keep house for us all," Mary planned. The joy made her forget how tired she was.

NORMA was to play several numbers in a recital to be given a few weeks before the close of school. Mary was finishing the embroidery on the dainty gown for her to wear on the occasion, when the first blow fell.

Jim came in from a chat with a tourist returning from the coast. "Mother, there is a chance for me to go to school on the coast, and become a good auto mechanic. It would not be for long, and you know I want to get on my own as soon as I can. What do you say to my going? It looks like a real chance to me."

"Of course, you must go," she said. It would mean only a short postponement of the rest she had planned.

On the night of the recital, a large crowd of tourists, on their way farther West, stopped for the night at the hotel.

After dinner, when they questioned how one might spend the evening in such a quiet little town, the hotel manager suggested that they attend the recital at the College. And so fell the second blow.

Norma's playing was a revelation of innate ability; and one of the tourists, a cultured Bostonian, sought out the girl and her mother after the recital to propose that Norma be sent to the Conservatory in Boston for further training. He offered her a scholarship. Norma was flushed with triumph and happiness, and Mary had not the heart to say one

word that would mar her daughter's joy. It was arranged that Norma should leave for Boston as soon as school was out.

COMMENCEMENT came at last, with the usual round of gaiety for the young people; but Mary was kept busy every spare minute pressing finery and working on dainty hand-made, embroidered garments for Norma's Boston wardrobe.

RALPH, who had been graduated two years before, came in, as was his usual custom, for the Commencement festivities. Mary noted, with a pang, how blushingly happy Elva was whenever he was near; but she stifled her uneasiness with the thought that the girl was yet so young.

Tired, after her hard day, Mary went out on the vine-twined porch of the hotel to listen to the strains of music that floated from the Gymnasium building across the way, where the youth of the school were dancing. The soft, moonlit darkness made her tiredness slip away as she recalled her own school-days.

Soon voices in the rose-garden, just beyond, became audible to her. Elva and Ralph had come from the dance, and Mary could hear the young man pleading:

"But you won't make me wait, dear? I want you so much."

And Elva, acquiescing: "If Mother says it is all right."

Mary fought for composure, knowing that she must again submerge her longing for well-earned freedom and rest in furthering the happiness of another of her children. How selfish they were,—with the unconscious selfishness of youth that takes all with no thought of the sacrifice that its demands mean to those who have cherished it for so long!

Mary hurried to her room and pretended to be asleep when the girls came up. They were quiet in their dis-robing but whispered together of the happiness of the evening.

The next day when Elva came with Ralph for her blessing, Mary was quietly composed.

THE next few weeks were busy ones. Elva and Ralph were quietly married and slipped away to California for their honeymoon. Jim was glad to be off to his school, and Norma left for Boston in eager excitement. Then came loneliness for the mother.

When the last child had left her, Mary's small savings were completely exhausted, and there was still the necessity of meeting Jim's expenses. One day, however, she received a letter from her boy which read:

"Dear Mother:—Hurrah! Have just had a check from Dad, and he says I am to call on him for any funds I may need. Glad to be able to relieve you from the necessity of sending me the wherewithal to see me through—"

Mary felt resentful and deserted. She had given her all to her children, and now they needed her no longer. Oh, the loneliness of those long evenings after toil that now seemed so futile! Ambition folded its wings and only sorrowful remorse filled her heart.

"Is it not always thus," she asked herself, "for those who have no companion to bear them company in the afternoon of life? What God has joined"—had she not put asunder what God had joined?

THE days went by somehow. Letters from the children were infrequent. At last she could bear her loneliness and remorse no longer. Acting almost sub-consciously, she told the hotel manager that she was going away for a few days—she was tired—

Mary flushed as she realized how eagerly she was returning to the place she had thought she never wanted to see again. But she must know how Arthur was faring and catch a glimpse of the old home once again. She bade the driver of the automobile whom she had hired to bring her out, to set her down some distance above her old home and then to wait for her in the shade of the pines.

As she neared the gate, she was surprised to see, among the pines on the upland, a new house—the house of her dreams. She quickly drew herself behind a tree, as she saw Arthur and Mrs. Hyde coming from the building. There came the bitter thought that this was perhaps the reason why Arthur had so submissively accepted her absence. Anger, and something else, which she recognized with a flush of shame, flamed, as she saw how earnestly he listened to what his companion was saying. They both entered a car drawn up at the gate, and drove away in the direction of the Hyde farm.

Mary's anger changed to submissive repentance as she watched them go. She had no claim on the stalwart man who lifted his head so proudly. The Arthur she remembered had been cowed by her sharp tongue, her unbelief, and her disloyalty. Tears of remorse forced themselves from her eyes as she realized that she had helped in his failure and had, in no way, aided in his success.

When her grief had somewhat spent itself, she could not resist visiting, just once more, the spot that had been the scene of her early married happiness. She realized that Arthur was no doubt boarding at the Howe's and had, perhaps, gone there for luncheon. Yes, she would have a little time—

First she went to the little house in the rear that had long been her home. Here her children had been born in those happy days when she lived in dreams of what she would accomplish for them.—The house seemed to be deserted; the rooms were clean but bare.

Then she drifted on into the new house, where a genuine surprise awaited her. The house was so conveniently and beautifully furnished. Her soul cried out in longing that here was a real home.

On through the rooms she went, and into a sunny bedroom, with roses peeping in through the window. The room held a double bed; and, from the wall, a picture of herself smiled at Mary. He had not forgotten her, then?

On the table near the bed was an open ledger. She glanced at it and these words met her eyes: "Tomorrow I go for my Mary. Pray God she will want me." It was a diary.

Mary fell on her knees, sobbing. "I thought I had poverty before, but this aloneness is the real poverty, poverty of the heart!"

A step and a smothered ejaculation sounded near her, and she raised her eyes to see Arthur standing there, his arms open. With a stifled cry, she was in them, all her bitterness and loneliness forgotten in her great need of him.

"Arthur, you want me, even after I failed you so?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"We failed each other, Mary," Arthur replied quietly; "but thank God that we are to know the rest of life together. We will never fail each other again, I am sure."

And Mary, confident in the strength of the new manhood that enfolded her, breathed softly: "Never again."

Motoring To Mexico

By Ivy W. Stone

WOULD you enjoy a trip ABROAD, without the expense of steamers and minus the hazard of seasickness? Would you like a vacation different in every respect from any that our United States can offer? Would you get a thrill from picking orchids and bananas and oranges in a virgin jungle, and have as a climax for such adventure the knowledge that the cost of the trip was not prohibitive—that it actually was NOT breaking your bank account?

If you wish such an experience, turn southward into Mexico. Drive in your own car over the new *Pan American Highway*: see provincial Mexico as she has been since the days of Cortez; see the native jungle Indians as they have lived for centuries, and travel at your own pleasure, stopping when and where you feel the urge. If you enjoy sports, you may attend the fiestas in the large cities, where red flags wave, crowds become vociferous, and the matadores and toreadors are always successful. If you are studiously inclined, you will revel in the numerous attractions of the National Museum in Mexico City. You may wander at will through numerous old cathedrals which Cortez and his followers built, and which are frequently lighted with alabaster domes, decorated with ornate altars of twenty-two carat gold, and whose gardens are luxuriant with rare tropical flowers and blossoming shrubbery. Many of these old churches are closed, and are rapidly falling prey to the elements and ravages of insects and time.

TIME was when the Mexicans expended all of their surplus energy on revolutions. Uprisings and outbreaks, revolts and insurrections were the common and to-be-expected procedure. But ten years ago the Republic started a new conquest. The soldiers were peons, armed with shovels and machetes. The guns were road machines. A highway northward from Mexico City was constructed, the first big link in the proposed South American Highway, a road that linked Mexicans with their northern cousins of the United States. Less than a year ago the road was dedicated, and we of the United States were invited to come down as friends!

"El Camino," as the highway is called by the natives, is a marvelous piece of roadwork. It is thirty feet wide on curves and twenty feet wide on the straightaway. All curves, underpasses, etc., are plainly marked. The deep sluggish rivers are beautifully bridged, and the mountain road has a six per cent grade which you can easily make in high gear. The road dips to only five hundred feet above sea level and rises to eighty-two hundred feet. It leads through tiny villages, manufacturing cities, sugar cane plantations, citrus orchards, fields of maguey plants and miles upon miles of virgin jungle.

The response to the invitation was so overwhelming that for the moment the abilities of the hosts were over taxed. We did go down; we are still going down, and it is estimated that many more will go down in '37. Those who have been tell such glorious tales, display such mar-

velous souvenirs, that *Motoring To Mexico* has become the slogan for the tourists of 1937.

IT is an exceedingly cheap trip. Gas stations are not competitive, and gas costs about the same as in the States. In the large cities, like Mexico City, Monterrey and Victoria, the motorists may designate a choice of two or three brands of gas; but out on the open highway, *Gas is Gas,* every motorist patronizes every station, grateful for a full tank. The local gas may give your car a little "knock, knock," but it does no harm, is all in the day's experience.

EXCELLENT, English speaking guides may be obtained for about $2.50 per day. They are good drivers, are versed in Mexican history, and save you both time and money. Splendid hotels may be obtained for about $2.00 per day per couple, with meals ranging from 25c for breakfast to 75c for a six course evening dinner. Mexico is so colorful, so variegated, that no matter what your tastes, you are constantly diverted and enthralled.

AT the International Bridge over the Rio Grande River we were inspected by customs officials with long waxed *mustachos* and holstered pistols. They looked forbidding, but actually were genial, good natured and leisurely. Our luggage was inspected merely to ascertain that we were not smuggling narcotics, liquor or firearms. We had to establish proof that we actually owned the

1—THE FLOATING GARDENS OF XOCHIMILCO.
2—WASH DAY NEAR PUEBLA.

car; then for the nominal sum of $1.00 each and another for the car, we were given passports, entitling us to tour Mexico for a period of three months, for *pleasure only*. Mexico does not wish her northern cousins to enter into business down there, as they resent the exploitation of their natural resources by foreign capital.

WITH a feeling of exhilaration we headed southward, over the longest straight piece of auto highway in the entire world—45 miles. We felt safe and secure in the knowledge that the car was in good condition, that we had two good spares, that we were vaccinated against small pox, inoculated for typhoid fever, had two gallon jugs filled with certified water, and that a twenty dollar green back had been changed into enough pesos to pay all expenses into Mexico City.

What a Change! It did not seem possible that only a river separated two such widely divergent countries. Here the word "leisure" is always spelled in capital letters, and no one ever hurries; Ford trucks gave way to burros, shoes became a rarity, diverging roads became mere paths, women and girls balanced huge wooden trays on their heads, or staggered under the weight of water jugs. Little naked boys tended their goats on the roadside, unconscious of their nudity. Tiny burros trotted along, loaded with huge cargoes of hand-made chairs, pottery, charcoal, firewood or corn. Windowless huts of square cactus or palm thatches became commonplace. Gorgeous flowers surrounded every hut, while the family baby, pigs, chickens, burros and pet parrot shared the dooryard in pleasant comradarie.

The jungle is thorny and resentful of trespassers, but lures the traveler with its flambuoyant flowers and colorful parrots. We soon realized that nature has provided all things with a means of protection, and that the jungle is no exception. Its thorns and density repel the animals which have to forage for a livelihood, and consequently all loose cattle, pigs, burros and horses turn to browse in the deep, sun-kissed barrow pits made by the recent road builders. Here the grass is sweet with no thorns or brambles. Thus these stray animals have come to accept the new highway as theirs by divine right. A burro browsing on the left hand side of the road is very apt to nonchalantly jay walk across the road. Once there, he changes his mind, and at his own peculiarly slow pace he ambles back again. The cattle are long horned and are apt to choose the middle of the new road as their resting place for the night. Thus the warning of the Mexican government to drive only in daylight is quite in order. The orchids of the jungle are parasites and may be found in season. The bougainvillaea, a tall flowering shrub, tosses its purple sprays of blossoms toward the poinsettias, which reach a height of twelve feet. The highway is nearly eight hundred miles long, and in November of thirty-six, no Mexicans had thought to put up a road side stand to display their native wares!

SO far, the tourists have been tolerant and patient, trying to avoid hitting any wandering animal. But whenever a stubborn animal has been the loser over a disputed right-of-way, the ever present turkey buzzard is always Johnny-on-the-spot to do his bit of sanitary regulations. Mexicans claim they need no garbage wagons, and so long as the turkey buzzards are protected, this claim is substantiated. The long necked,

bald headed, drab colored, ugly bird has remarkable eyesight, and is forever circling overhead, waiting, waiting, *waiting!* The instinct which tells him his vigilance is rewarded is uncanny. As we motored southward, we did not pass a single dead animal. Returning twelve days later, however, the carcasses of four burros were along the roadside, and the voracious buzzards were too engrossed in their occupation to note our passing car. Whenever I saw a dead burro, I thought of some sorrowful family, who had lost a treasured possession. For a burro is the peon's contact with the outside world. It is the family carriage, truck and carryall.

Mexican Foods? Of course you may eat them, if you wish. After you leave Monterrey and until you reach Mexico City, it is difficult to obtain American foods, for the Mexican cooks, though most willing, have not yet learned the mild dishes which their northern cousins prefer. But the tourist should remember that a stomach which has been accustomed to little or no seasoning cannot suddenly adjust itself to highly spiced foods without protest. A traveling stomach is quite apt to become a temperamental stomach. You must decide for yourself if you are willing to forego the novelty of eating foreign, highly flavored foods or of running the risk of spending part of your valuable time in bed. Personally, I took my breakfast eggs soft boiled, instead of having them served "eggs rancherio," which means fried and floating in a deep red sauce! I was content to watch other diners gasp and reach for water as they swallowed the hot *enchiladas tortillas,* tamales, and the black coffee cooled with boiling milk! In the provinces the goat butter, *home made,* smelled as though it might have been stored in a pyramid. But in Mexico City, Sanborn's and Lady Baltimore serve as fine foods as the most epicurian could wish for.

ALL Mexicans love their burros and their chickens; consequently even in the large cities there is a night long chorus. In the tropical large village or small town of Valles we slept in an excellent tourist camp operated by a Mexicanized native of Sweden. Other large hostelries were in process of construction. But the builder of today hesitates to invest overmuch, due to the strange law known as "expropriation," wherein the government may purchase your property at any time, and pay the owner only the assessed valuation!

IN the Moctezuma mountains the skill of the young engineers met a real test. The road rises to a height of 8200 feet above sea level. It is safe, and wide, and was blasted from the solid rock of the mountains. Round and round it curves and winds, with many laps above you and many below you! Scarcely a day is free from fog, and the tourist watches eagerly for the rift in the low hanging vapor that he may see the vista of the endless mountain range. At the peak of the pass, we were fortunate in having the mists roll away and disclose the farm lands of the native Indians, tiny patches of cleared jungle on the south side of the densely covered mountains. Here, with endless toil, the natives have cut away the ever encroaching jungle and planted their corn, fully a mile above the river. Road crews and soldiers patrol the mountain road, ever watchful for the safety of the nation's guests. Retaining walls are being built, and the careful driver need have no qualms over safety. But as we rode along, secure

THE PYRAMID OF THE SUN.
A LITTLE SHEPHERD BOY.
THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

in the luxury of a good car, we passed many an old *cargadore* (burden bearer) scantily clad, ofttimes barefooted, slowly making his way afoot, bent over with the weight of marketable goods which he would pack into Mexico City, fully fifty miles away!

MOST old style Mexican homes are built with an austere plastered front facing the street, with the solitary door and two windows heavily barred. Thus they conceal their real beauty. But once within the walls, the visitor sees a well-tended patio, with a well and tropical flowers.

MOST tourists will find it convenient to establish hotel connections in Mexico City, to engage a guide and plan daily trips to the various points of interest. Days could be spent in the National Museum, if you have an archaeological turn of mind. You must not miss the opera, if only to see the famous glass curtain, installed by Tiffany. You must inspect the Bordia Gardens, where many rare tropical flora are nurtured. Diego Rivera murals, painted on the veranda of the old palace at Cuernavaca, are destined to become famous. The Pyramid of the Sun, second largest pyramid in the entire world, is only 27 miles from Mexico City. At Toluca you may see the sixty thousand Indians milling about on their market day; at Saltilla you may see the gorgeously hued *serapes* as they are woven from native wools. Taxco is charming, as it is the one city where the government insists the architecture shall adhere to the old style. The floating garden of Xochmilco will entice you with its canals, gondolas and flowers, and Chilula where Cortez built three hundred sixty churches is replete with old history. About ten miles north of Mexico City you will drive over the identical road which Cortez built. Flowers are everywhere! Orchids in corsages cost only 28c; gardenias fresh every morning for 3c; colorful markets, selling everything from beds to bananas, from spices to ground fish, and old auto tires for sandals!

MEXICO CITY has thousands of beggars; every auto is a potential taxi. Every street corner has its vendor of tickets for the national lottery. The "Lotteria Nationcal" they call it, and it is government controlled. Every purchaser knows that his money goes for the maintenance of schools and hospitals, and the odds are twelve to twenty that he will win something. In Chapultepec Castle the visitor may see the relics of the great and the dead; mementoes of epochal history, including the silver ink stand of the ill fated emperor Maxmilian I, and the solid gold wash bowl of his consort, who was later named the "Mad Carlotta."

WE spent twelve days south of the Rio Grande River, and traveled 3500 miles in Mexico. We ate and slept very comfortably; bought over fifty dollars worth of souvenirs, and did not spend over $250.00. It was the cheapest and the most enjoyable trip we have ever taken. We were not robbed or cheated. Our hosts were courteous, obliging, genial and patient. The manager of our hotel even permitted us to pay our bill with a check drawn on our local American bank!

THIS new highway will link the two Americas. It is conducive to understanding, tolerance and good will. We, as a nation, will soon realize that while Mexican ways are

not our ways, they are still good ways. We must learn that Mexico does not wish to become a carbon copy of our machine controlled civilization. They have a civilization of their own which they honor and desire to maintain.

WE left with regrets, wishing that we might acquire the siesta habit. How we longed that custom would permit us to "shut up shop" in the middle of the day, and take a three hour rest. Returning to our United States we had to satisfy our own customs officials that we carried no plant life of any kind, not even an orange, banana or a cotton boll; that we did not have a green parrot or a baby anteater tucked into a dark corner, and that we were vaccinated against smallpox! Each one of us was permitted to bring in one hundred dollars worth of souvenirs duty free.

Happy carefree Mexico, we will yet return!

REWARD

By Conrey Bryson

The trail is steep and filled with stones.
A bold man climbs it, breathing hard.
He gains the top, and there he moans,
And grumbling, waits for his reward.

A carefree youth comes up the trail
And stops to pass the time of day,
"What, no reward? How could you fail
To find reward along the way?"

I stopped to watch a gentle fawn
That drank from this clear laughing brook.
I watched an eagle soaring on.
I stopped again to better look

At ferns upon a bed of moss.
I watched the squirrels in the trees.
A clumsy bear then walked across
The path, to rob the honey bees.

I watched the fleeting lizard dart
Among the rocks and up the crag.
I almost heard the noble heart
That fluttered in a frightened stag.

All these I found beside the way,
The way you found was long and hard;
But look, a sunset crowns your day,
And even yet, you have reward!

A Vest Pocket Tragedy

By Elsie C. Carroll

FRANK'S grey suit which she had been going to sponge and press, slipped from Peggy's arms, as with a little gasping sob she took in the significance of the note she had found in the vest pocket.

"Frank, old Pal,

"I can't let you slip out of my life after all the days and nights we've spent together. I shall be in Tremonton Thursday on the 11:15. Can't we arrange a little trip such as we used to take—off by ourselves? There are things I *must* talk over with you.

"Don't fail me.

"Yours as of old,

"Jen."

Peggy knew she must be dreaming. Such a thing couldn't happen to her! And yet there it was—a letter to her husband from another woman, suggestively intimate, asking him to meet her.

She felt cold and hot and smothering all at once. The old, old tragedy shattering her life—and less than two months after her wedding day.

Her first impulse was to call the office and ask Frank to come home. Yet *could* there be an explanation to a note like that? Besides, she suddenly remembered, Frank wasn't at the office. He had told her he might have to go over to Thurston to finish up a deal his employer had left when he had been called to Chicago, and a little before noon just as she had returned from the corner grocery, the office girl had called to say that Mr. Demming had tried to get her before he left, and that he would not be home until late in the evening.

"I shall be in Tremonton at 11:15 on Thursday." O, it was all too plain. They were off on their *little trip* now.

Peggy wanted to scream as she threw herself upon the yellow and orchid bed and gave herself up to hysterical weeping. Through her tortured mind raced story after story she had heard or read, of other deceived women. The magazines and movies were full of them. And so was life. There had been her own Aunt Deborah, never dreaming of her Uncle Peter's interest in his stenographer until it had developed into a crisis after long years of deception. And there was Florence McCormick who had been so sure of Jim's love and loyalty that she wouldn't even believe that odious woman who had stolen him from her, until Jim himself confessed his faithlessness.

But Frank!

And he had seemed especially dear when he had kissed her goodbye this very morning—holding her as though he would never let her go and telling her how sweet and absolutely perfect she was.

And all the time—this letter there in his pocket—and him knowing he was going to meet this other woman.

Peggy sat up and tried to think what she should do. There was only one thing of course. She must go away.

But the thought of going home was intolerable—the humiliation after all her ravings about Frank's perfections. She had painted for her folks their life and love as a paradise of bliss.

She couldn't go to some big city and find a job for she'd had no ex-

perience; she had no references; she had only a few dollars. She went for her purse and found that the exact amount it contained was $10.87.

In her desperation she thought of Cousin Letitia. She could get to Granger for $7.10. Letitia would be surprised, of course, but it would give her time to think, to plan.

The tightness in her throat felt like a burning band. Her head was throbbing. She wished she could die. She went about all afternoon in a tortured daze, doing the things that needed to be done in the apartment; washing out things she would need to take with her.

As she was getting out of the bath, the clock struck eight and she realized that the next train south would not leave until 11:43. She wanted to get away as soon as possible, but she still had her bag to pack and her farewell note to write to Frank. All afternoon she had been trying to think what she should put in that note.

At last she sat down at the little mahogany desk and took out some stationery. A flood of memories swept over her as she recalled the day she and Frank had selected the desk at Lannin's. A month ago—and now the end. In one of the drawers were Frank's letters—one for each day of that month after graduation before their marriage. Bitterly she wondered if he had been writing to this girl Jen at the same time. Probably she had been right there in Kemmerer with him — "Their glorious nights."

Page after page Peggy wrote and tore into shreds. The coo-coo clock, Frank's birthday gift, struck nine, then ten, then half past. She must get away before Frank returned—if he should come before morning. The girl at the office had said he would be late.

In desperation Peggy finally wrote a single line—"This will explain why I have gone away," and placed it with the letter she had found in his pocket on the yellow and orchid bed.

She would go to the station at once; she couldn't bear the sight of all the intimate things that reminded her of her lost happiness.

She put on her hat and coat and switched off the bedroom light. She reached for her bag which she thought she had placed on a chair by the window. It wasn't there. She must have taken it to the entrance hall when she had gone for her scarf. In the darkness she started for the living room.

Her heart stopped beating as she heard a key in the lock. The door opened and light flooded the room as Frank's voice boomed:

"Why, you're all ready! You must be a little mind-reader! I've been hurrying my head off to get back so we could go to the station. I couldn't even remember that I had told you that Jen was coming." He had given her a tight embrace and a quick warm kiss as he was speaking.

"But what—who—?"

"The note I got yesterday from Jenkins Mallory, my old war buddy. He'll be here on the 11:15 and we must have him up. You'll fall for old Jen like a million dollars. Come on, honey, we'll have to hurry. I didn't even turn the ignition off Lizzie."

"O—all right—but—I—I—must get—a—handkerchief." In the tiny bedroom three swift movements sent a traveling bag skidding under the bed, a crumpled sheet of paper into the wastebasket, and a note to the vest pocket of a grey suit.

The Life and Letters of John Galsworthy

By Lais V. Hales

FOUR YEARS ago in the early hours of January 31st, 1933, England and the world experienced a great loss. John Galsworthy, who on Nov. 10th, 1932, had been awarded the Nobel Prize for literature, passed quietly and unknowingly away at his beloved home, Grove Lodge, England. Memorial Service was held on February 9th in Westminster Abbey and on March 28th, at the top of Bury Hill, far from the road, his ashes were scattered upon the sunbaked turf near the gorse-fragrant hedge, according to his bidding in his poem, *Scatter My Ashes!*

GALSWORTHY lived richly in his sixty-five years. In surroundings, of which the keynotes were health, beauty, and sanity, he spent a pleasant, wholesome, and unspectacular boyhood. He early made himself short-sighted by too much reading. In school he was nicknamed "Peace" because of his reserve and pleasant aloofness. His father was his idol. Ill health of his mother deprived him of her companionship but he wrote many tender, charming letters to her while away at school. "I loved my mother; she loved me," he has recorded in his diary.

DURING his few brief years at Oxford his fondness for wandering about at night in the poorer districts, listening to the conversations of the poor, was the first inkling that he was no ordinary boy. I suppose he was even then gathering material for his knowledge of mankind. In 1890, to get away from an unfortunate love affair he sailed for Africa. It was on this eventful voyage that he met Joseph Conrad. A lifelong friendship resulted. In one of his letters, about this time, Galsworthy writes: "I do wish I had the gift of writing. I think that is the nicest way of making money, only it isn't really the writing so much as the thoughts that one wants. What is a good thing to quicken the sympathies?"

An incident which was to quicken, more than any other event in his life, his sympathies, took place on the last day of April, 1891, when his first cousin, Arthur, married Ada Cooper. This marriage was a tragic mistake. Blameless and helpless she lived in extreme unhappiness. First through chivalry and compassion Galsworthy was attracted to her. In 1895 she said to him: "Why don't you write? You're just the person." By this and other steps they were drawn together. Not until 1905 did Ada and Galsworthy marry. Those years between were frightful to them both. It was a love which tried Galsworthy as in a fire, and yet yielded him the greatest happiness that man can know; a love which was the shaping and the making of his life. Galsworthy learned at first hand the frightfulness of a loveless marriage. Those years left an indelible mark upon his life. No wonder that so much of his work deals with love, marriage, tenderness, companionship. Never did two people love each other more, nor with better cause. Their communion endured unshaken to the end. At one time he wrote—"I am probably the most happily married man in Eng-

land." His *Forsyte Saga,* which is a study of love at its best and worst, he dedicated to his wife—"the dearest and most lovely companion." Ada Galsworthy, by her share in them "halved his sorrows and redoubled his joys."

FOR eleven years Galsworthy wrote and made not one penny. Those were years of reflection, meditation, searching of heart and mind, unbroken aspiration. Then in 1906 appeared that most beautiful book, *The Man of Property* (the beginning of *The Forsyte Saga*). It had taken him three years to write it. With it his name was made and his income commenced. Written here, there, everywhere, the most scattered of his books, it is his most poignant one. In answer to a woman who questioned him as to his object in writing, he wrote—"My object is only that of expressing my philosophy and my philosophy is merely a belief that if we all understood and tolerated each other a little more than we do the world would be a happier place to live in." During the next six years Galsworthy wrote plays, novels, poetry, short stories, always with this object back of them.

IN 1912 he and Ada visited the United States. New York City and the Grand Canyon they appreciated. With the lengthening of their visit here they failed to sail, as they had intended, on the Titanic on its fatal voyage. They returned in 1919. Galsworthy lectured very successfully realizing a profit of $4000. This he handed over gracefully to his publishers—Scribners — for Armenian and Syrian relief. Again in 1931, for the last time, they visited here. It was after this last visit that Galsworthy wrote to a friend—"I never feel happy lecturing."

DURING the years of the World War Galsworthy suffered deeply. His fertile imagination magnified his suffering. Even before the war he had made it a rule to live on half of his salary and give the rest away. But from nothing published during the war did he personally profit one penny; it was all given away among an amazingly wide array of charities. The war, spun out, constant writing, the heavy administrative responsibility of the P. E. N. Club made of John Galsworthy a tired man at the beginning of the year 1921. He said he was tired. The sands were running out.

1922 found him a "best-seller." He had written his most beautiful short story, *The Appletree,* and was ready to start on his *End of the Chapter.* He was corresponding with Thomas Hardy, John Masefield, G. B. Shaw, Conrad, and often enjoying their presence in his beloved home. For him "home life was in the true sense a private matter; and so comparatively few knew more of him than that he had perfect manners and a kind heart. Many thought him a cold creature. For it was only with a few intimates that the essential warmth of Galsworthy's nature shone through his gravity, that the tender, almost caressing quality of his affection was made manifest." By 1926 he was lecturing too much for the good of his health. By 1927 honors were coming to him with great frequency. H. V. Marrot in his book on Galsworthy quotes from a letter of Granville Barker's written to Galsworthy, "No one wears honours with more unconscious grace than do you."

THE next ten years Galsworthy spent reading, writing, playing tennis (in which he was far too great

an individualist ever to play doubles really well) horse-back riding, traveling, always giving generously of his time and money. He and Ada were particularly happy in assisting the numerous members of the Galsworthy clan. While Galsworthy wrote, Ada, "the scent and the colour and the shape of his life," would work among her flowers. She filled the highest function of all in bringing beauty into Galsworthy's life but she helped him in many other ways. For thirty years she was his secretary. Galsworthy's letters, kindly, encouraging, honest and interesting pay many tributes to Ada. In one he writes—"I think of her sometimes as a piece of rare silk, with a bloom on it as delicate as that on grapes, but which you can't rub off." Yes—the years between 1922-1932 were happy ideal years for them both.

IN November, 1932, Galsworthy received the Nobel Literature Prize. The Prize money—something over 9000 pounds—he made a Trust Fund for the benefit of the P. E. N. Club with its Centres in thirty-five different countries. About the same time he made his final living appearance before the public with his novel, *Flowering Wilderness*. After this the shadows began closing in fast about him. Slight ailments which he had long resolutely ignored began to appear more markedly. Then came the day when he remarked: "You had better look at me well now, because it's the last time you'll ever see me quite well again." He was right. Everything seemed just a little more difficult to do. Gradually he became confined to his room and then to his bed. His nephew records: "Not one word or gesture of complaint did he ever show through all the indignities of the sick room. He just looks, and looks, and looks." His last conscious contact with the world was to gently caress the sorrowful face of Ada. Of his death H. V. Marrot says: "One rebels at the thought that such a man, with so much yet to give, with so much service yet to do, should thus untimely be swept away, that one whose life of mercy more than most had deserved mercy at the hands of Life, should have died as he did. But he outlived neither his art nor his love. His last conscious moments were brightened and made sweet by his beloved Ada. Instead of protesting against Life let us find a source of pride in his career, and encouragement in his example. None that ever knew him can lose him from their hearts while they live: and, in the time that must come, when none are left who looked into his face, who heard his voice, who touched his hand, when this poor record is all that remains to conjure up the living man he was, his works —so like himself—will still endure to speak for him. Alike for us and for future generations there abides, a strength and a refreshment, the beauty that he made in all his writings as in all his life."

The Lotus Eater

By Mabel S. Harmer

Chapter III

THE long Wyoming winter which Helen had once dreaded sped rapidly away, especially after she had become engaged to Dan. They had made up their minds to be married late in May just after school was out. Dan was going to Omaha to buy some thoroughbred sheep at that time and they decided that they could make a honeymoon out of the trip as well. Helen would have loved to have been married at home but the trip was an expensive one and they needed their "cash on hand" for the beginnings of a home. The trip to California could come later.

"Are you quite sure that you don't want to go home first, honey?" Dan had asked her for perhaps the tenth time one evening.

"Quite sure," Helen answered. "I can use the money to much better advantage for linens and such. I'm going to have everything nice even if I do live on a ranch. Do you want me to go?" she added teasingly.

Dan looked down at her with his dark eyes very serious as he answered, "I just want you to be very sure about all this, my dear, and I thought that if you went home first you would know that you weren't making any mistakes. Besides," he added in lighter mood, "where do you think you are going to buy a lot of fancy linens—in Bevers General Store or from the mail order catalogue?"

"Neither one," she answered laughingly. "I'll buy them in Omaha. I'll shop for towels and tablecloths while you shop for lambs."

Helen herself wondered occasionally if she were really afraid to go home for fear it might make her want to change her mind about her marriage. At times a faint dread entered her heart when she thought of spending the rest of her life out in this country where there were so few of the more sophisticated gayeties of life: no concerts, no shows except the movies, no large stores in which to buy modish dresses, not even a library.

When she was with Dan, however, all doubts vanished. He was so strong, so genuine and so handsome, even if he did lack the veneer the city sometimes gives. Above all, he was devoted to her and she loved him so much that the pleasures of city life paled into insignificance beside that love.

SHE had written home and had her mother send her a pretty blue crepe dress to be married in. "Married in blue, always be true," she quoted gaily as she tried it on and went down to show it for Mrs. Riley's admiration.

"That looks just grand, dearie," was Mrs. Riley's comment, "especially with your yellow hair, but I did sort of hope that you'd have a white dress and a veil."

"Well, every girl dreams of being married in a white satin dress and veil, I suppose," said Helen, "but I thought being away from home and all—I'd rather not."

"I guess you're right," answered Mrs. Riley with a sigh, "but we never had a wedding in the house before and I would have liked to have it right fancy. Anyway, I'm

going to cook you a nice weddin' dinner and have a bride and groom on the table like I read about in the papers."

"That will be lovely of you," said Helen, giving Mrs. Riley a hearty hug, "and you can dress up the bride for the table as much as you like."

THE wedding took place at Mrs. Riley's on a morning late in May. It was still like early spring in Wyoming and Helen was sure that there had never been a more beautiful morning upon the earth, that the ground had never worn a more delicate covering of green and that never had more fragrant breezes played about.

Mrs. Riley had yearned to invite a crowd and make a gala affair of it but Helen had insisted that the guests be limited to Dan's family and her two fellow teachers. She had heard something of the pranks which the young people of the town thought appropriate for weddings and she was determined that the sacredness of her own should not be marred.

In one last attempt to preserve the time honored traditions of marriage, Mrs. Riley had tried to persuade Helen that she should stay in her own room and not see the bridegroom until the minute before the ceremony but as soon as she heard Dan's step on the porch, Helen flew downstairs and let him in herself.

Dan was apparently almost speechless, either from joy or excitement, but he managed to say as he handed her a huge cardboard box, "Here's something for a bride."

Helen opened it eagerly and uttered a cry of joy as she lifted up a lovely bouquet of roses. "Oh Dan!" she gasped, "how gorgeous! How in the world did you do it?"

"I just took some of those fellows at their word that advertise they'll send flowers by wire and by George, they did," he answered visibly filled with pride, and then added softly, "I was determined that my bride should have flowers."

"Your bride has everything," said Helen as she lifted her face for his kiss.

LATE that evening they boarded the train at Junction City for Omaha. Dan's younger brother had driven them out in his car from Medford after Mrs. Riley's elaborate wedding "dinner" was over.

Helen settled back in her seat and smiled dreamily as they drew away from the station. She thought of the time, such a few months away when she had last stood on the little board platform in front of the station. The whole course of her existence had been changed in that time and she was starting out upon the greatest adventure she would ever know during her life. "It's up to me," she thought, lifting her head unconsciously, "I can make a success of it, if I try."

"Do I have anything that would buy those thoughts?" asked Dan, reaching for the small hand that now held a slender gold band beside the engagement ring.

"I was just thinking what a remarkable prophet old Billy is," she said in mock seriousness.

"Old Billy?" he asked puzzled.

"Yes. You know, he brought me out to Medford in his truck when I first came to Wyoming and he assured me then that I would marry one of the boys and settle down in the valley."

"Nice fellow, Billy," said Dan complacently, "I'll buy him a present in Omaha."

Helen and Dan found much besides a present for Billy to buy in

Omaha. In fact, Dan complained that their honeymoon was being turned into a regular shopping spree and that they would have to move out into the hallway of the hotel if Helen didn't stop bringing home stuff from the stores.

Helen only laughed and brought forth more new things to show him. She hadn't realized how she had hungered to walk up and down the aisles of a real store. Besides, she was buying for her own home and what bride doesn't thrill to the joyous tasks of choosing those first *new* things?

"This will make a pretty gay dress, won't it, old lady?" asked Dan as he held up a piece of bright flowered cretonne.

"Dress, you goose!" laughed Helen, "that is for curtains and so is this and this," picking out dainty pieces of figured scrim.

"Isn't all this rather fancy for an old ranch house?" asked Dan rather dubiously.

"All the more reason for trying to brighten it up," answered Helen gaily.

"I get kind of scared when I think of taking you out to that old Livingston ranch to live," said Dan, still serious, "but it was absolutely the only thing I could get."

"I know. Don't you worry about it. We'll make it do nicely for the time being," and Helen gave his arm an encouraging pat.

"And what might these be?" asked Dan, picking up some bits of embroidered linen.

"Guest towels for the bathroom, of course. Aren't they pretty?"

"They're pretty, all right," admitted Dan, "but there isn't any bathroom."

Helen's gay spirits were momentarily dampened but she soon brightened and said as she folded up the towels, "Well, then, we'll hang them in the kitchen or save them until we do get a bathroom. There'll be one some day, won't there?"

"There'll be everything some day for the sweetest girl in the world," he whispered as he held her close.

The happy week came to a close all too soon and Helen packed "the fruits of her schoolteaching" as she called her purchases and she and Dan celebrated their last evening in town by going to the best theatre they could find.

THE next morning Helen found herself on the train, all alone, bound for home. It had been necessary for Dan to go on the train that carried the sheep so that he could take care of them and Helen had chided him laughingly for leaving her to spend the last half of her honeymoon by herself.

She found the flat plains of Nebraska wholly uninteresting and instead of looking at them she fell to daydreaming about her future home. She smiled when she thought of Dan's misgivings about her. Her own family, too, had been rather skeptical and had urged her "to wait until fall, at least, and think things over." That, of course, was only because they didn't know Dan, she thought complacently. When they met him they would understand that she couldn't possibly have helped falling in love with him. And she would show them all that her marriage could be just as successful as that of the most comfortably situated bride in California.

AT Junction City Helen left the train and went to an hotel to wait for Dan whose train was arriving some hours later. When he finally came he urged Helen to take the 'mail' car and go on to Medford

ahead of him but she stoutly refused to finish her honeymoon out alone and insisted that she be allowed to come along with Dan.

"All right, Bo-Peep," he finally agreed, " but you will find that riding with a truckload of sheep is not the quickest or the most pleasant way of getting through this canyon."

After the first twenty miles she was very much inclined to agree with Dan. The truck lurched and swung. The driver's seat was too high up for her to sit comfortably and there was no top to protect her from the sun.

Because of frequent storms in the mountains the roads never completely dried up and more than once, when they jolted over a deep rut or hole in the road, she was afraid that she and the sheep were going to land in a pile at the bottom of the canyon but through some kind fate the worst never happened and they came into Medford just as dusk was falling.

"I'd better take time out to stop in at the store and get a few groceries, honey," said Dan, as they drove into town. "There's not a thing out to the ranch to eat. Want to come in with me?"

"No thank you," answered Helen. "Just pick up anything so that we can hurry along home." The thoughts of buying groceries rather appalled her when she realized her lack of experience along that line. She wanted a little time to get her bearings before she started in, especially if Jo Bevers happened to be in the store. He had never quite forgiven her for choosing Dan in preference to himself and always made an attempt to strut his superiority.

Dan came out presently with a well-filled box which he placed at her feet and then climbed into the truck and drove on.

THE ranch which Dan had started to buy was about five miles out of town. There was a four room frame house built precisely like a cardboard box with an utter lack of imagination. Helen had been out there only once and had disliked almost everything about the place including the furniture, but she had promised herself that she would soon have everything different. She would paint every foot of it herself, if need be, and brighten it up with new curtains and cushions. In time she would have new furniture and even a new home, eventually. Dan had said so himself.

IT was dark when they reached the ranch house and Helen was thoroughly chilled from riding out in the open for so many hours. She walked numbly into the house after Dan who was carrying the box of groceries. He set them down on the kitchen table and lighted the gas lamps.

"I'll get some kindlings and you can make a fire and get some supper while I take care of the sheep," said Dan. "These thoroughbreds have to be handled just so, you know."

Helen didn't know and she didn't care. She was decidedly weary of sheep mixed in with a honeymoon. She was also cold and hungry, however, so she found an apron and set about making a fire in the kitchen range.

Her months of struggling with the little black heater in her room at Mrs. Riley's did not seem to be of any particular help now. The range was balky and smoked no matter what draughts she opened or closed. She finally left the fire to burn or smoke as it chose and began pulling things out of the box to see what would be the most easily prepared for supper.

There were eggs—that would be

simple—and a piece of bacon. Why in the world wasn't it sliced? She found a knife that proved to be none too sharp and cut the bacon into thick jagged slices. She put it into a pan to fry over the still indifferent fire and started to set the table.

Her own dishes had not arrived yet and there were only a few ugly, badly cracked ones left in the cupboard. There was no table cloth so Helen washed off the dust of many weeks from the table as best she could before setting it.

The bacon and eggs were ready long before Dan came in again, so Helen sat down by the fire to get warm. She had never imagined that a June night could be so cold even in Wyoming. She looked around the kitchen. It was dirty and cheerless in the light of the gas lamp. Tears filled her eyes which were not caused entirely by the smoking stove.

(To be continued)

Music Department

ESSENTIALS OF GOOD CHORAL DIRECTING IN THE CHURCH SERVICE

A Talk Delivered to the Choristers' and Organists' Section of the Relief Society during the April Conference

by

Lorin F. Wheelwright, Supervisor of Music, Salt Lake City Public Schools

ONE splendid quality of the Relief Society and one that is not often mentioned is its excellent influence on the young people of the Church who as babes in arms accompany their mothers to the weekly Tuesday meetings. I could never claim an active membership in the Relief Society but I can claim a regular attendance for a period of five years. Having a mother who has been on the Mt. Ogden Stake Board during the past seventeen years, I think I can still claim an honorary membership. Through this close contact I know how zealously the members of your organization attack the vital problems of life. I wish to speak today on one of these problems, namely, the development of spirituality through worshipful music; and I wish to concentrate on the function of the choral director in the church service.

There are four points I would like to develop. The first one is this: *the Church wishes for worship IN music but not for worship OF music.* This means that our first object is the worship of God. Therefore the mere beauty of a piece of music does not justify its use. It must be appropriate. An art song, such as "I Love You Truly" is undoubtedly a beautiful piece of music but it could hardly be classed as worshipful music. The following questions might be asked in regard to any church service to aid in the selection of appropriate music.

a. What is the dominant theme of the meeting?

The theme may vary considerably from the various topics of the literary lessons which might call for music employing the writings of certain authors to more highly religious themes dealing with theology.

b. Do the hymns, solos, and choruses appropriately fit the main theme?

If the service is the Tuesday Re-

lief Society meeting and the lesson theme concerns the home, it is quite obvious that the music should concern the home. However, a mere subject appeal is not sufficient. The music in text and melody should engender the spirit of warmth and congeniality characteristic of the L. D. S. home. This is best achieved through music which does not emphasize the love motive ordinarily characteristic of the secular love song, but rather such a selection as "Love at Home," or "Our Mountain Home So Dear." Both of these songs possess the beauty of music and text which might express the dominant theme.

c. Is the sequence of selections arranged according to a sensible plan?

Every program should have some form of organization. It might be the development of mood, or the development of a chronology, or the development of associated topics. Whatever plan best fits the theme should be followed in the musical selections as well as in the talks and the discussions. A very humorous example of an incongruity of the various parts of the service is this one given by Mr. Gehrkens in his book, "Essentials of Conducting" (published by Oliver Ditson Company). "During the first year of the great war a choir had just finished an anthem written by an English composer as a prayer for peace, the concluding strains being sung to the words, 'Give peace, O God, Give peace again. Amen!' As the choir sat down after an effective rendition there was a hush in the congregation showing that the message of the music had gone home to the hearers, but a moment later the spell was broken as the speaker arose and in a stentorian voice proclaimed the text of the day, 'For I come not to bring peace unto the world but a sword.'"

d. Are the selections to be sung or played of such a character that they may be sincerely expressed?

A careful reading of the text by the director in advance of the meeting will often be sufficient to eliminate the cheap and the trivial. If it is too silly to be spoken, why sing it? If the text has fine literary value and the musical setting is appropriate, singing can enhance its effectiveness.

The second point I wish to emphasize is this, *a musical organization will advance just as far as the leader can take it and no further.* It has often been demonstrated in the national band and orchestra contests that the finest organizations usually come from the least expected sources. Invariably the superiority of the organization can be traced to the superior leadership rather than to superior talent. The chief characteristics of this leadership may be expressed in four qualities as follows:

a. Scholarly approach to the problems of musicianship, which implies that the director is always primarily a student of good music.

b. Confidence in one's own ability, which is usually evident in the directness of approach and the tenacity to fine standards.

c. Clearness of speech and expression, which necessitates well-formulated ideas effectively spoken.

d. A loving care for the thing being done—a quality that inspires supreme loyalty on the part of organizations. It is this aspect of devotion to beautiful music together with willing workers, which knits an organization into an effective whole.

The third point I wish to mention is this: *Worshipful music flourishes best when audience, conductor, and*

organist are ready to pursue a joint enterprise. To accomplish this it is necessary that:

a. The musical program be planned in advance.

b. Books be in the hands of all those who are to sing.

c. Numbers be announced distinctly and the verses to be sung be clearly stated.

d. If interludes are to be used, the audience, conductor and organist should know ahead of time.

e. The length and type of introduction should be determined.

f. A key note should be clearly sounded before actual singing begins (the beginning phrase).

g. The singing group should stand together.

The fourth point and the most important one for the musical director is this: *The effective conductor must be a musical craftsman who knows the tricks of his trade.* The essential problem of good directing is one of communication. The musical conductor exists only for the purpose of exerting leadership in the execution of a musical enterprise and that enterprise in our particular case is the expression of choral music. In a sense the conductor's position embodies a generalship in which ideas must be conveyed from a central source to a participating body. The principal means of this communication is the use of gesture. It cannot in any sense be confined to baton technique. I would like to speak, therefore, on several phases of this communication which are essential to effective leadership.

a. The posture of the conductor must express alertness and purpose. He must be "on his toes" in the sense that he embodies a perfect example of good singing position. This means that one foot is probably slightly to the front, that his weight is well balanced, that "his ears are up" (straight spine, controlled diaphragm, head in line with body, avoiding any protrudance of the chin).

b. The facial expression should portray an inner feeling of readiness to act. During the actual singing the conductor's countenance should anticipate the changing moods of the music and suggest to the audience what is in store.

c. Hands, arms and baton should be used with freedom and economy of movement. The preparatory beat is decisive; the indications of dynamics are consistent; the tempos are clearly defined; the holds and releases are definite; and the beats of the measure are indicated by a consistent pattern which always gives the first pulsation a decisive down stroke. Mannerisms, such as bending of knees, holding the baton crooked, beating time entirely on the right side of the body instead of the center, continual use of the left hand and angularity and monotony of beat pattern, must be religiously avoided. Every conductor should get before a full length mirror and study his own idiosyncrasies. The finest way in the world to improve one's style of directing is to "see yourself as others see you."

d. The text should be memorized by the conductor, so that full attention can be given to an adequate interpretation of the words through appropriate gesture. Rarely should the conductor sing with the group because he can listen more carefully and guide the performance better when his attention is not placed in his own singing. Good conductors often appear to be singing when conducting a congregation because they "mouth" the words. In reality they are merely giving the cues for the text without vocalization. It is ex-

tremely dangerous to sing while conducting special choruses because the director's whole attention must be focused on the response of his group and means for varying that response.

We might summarize this discussion by the generalization that *the best conductors are the ones who are easiest* to follow, because they select music suitable to the occasion, they possess the personal qualities of superior leadership, they prepare all details in advance, and they communicate their ideas to the performing organization through significant and appropriate gestures. The reward of this kind of musical leadership in worshipful music can best be expressed in the words of Longfellow's poem "The Arrow and the Song."

Note: Any choral directors who desire help in selecting anthems and choruses should contact the Church Music Committee, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City. Carefully graded lists of effective materials are now available.

Spanning a Century

By Alice R. Rich

SOMETIMES while searching in our garden for late blooms we are surprised to find, sheltered among the heavy foliage, a rare flower with all the strength and beauty of the earlier summer time. Sometimes, too, while re-reading a choice piece of literature, a favorite chapter in scripture or an oft read poem, we find a new thought, a new meaning and an added beauty in construction or diction or a thought that has never before so impressed us. These charms have always been present but we have not been in just the mood to see and appreciate them in their fullest.

It has been my pleasure very recently to stumble on such a value, here in Toronto where I have lived for nearly two years. One of our German speaking converts, Bertha Puckness, an active church worker, has lived for months with a dear old lady, Mrs. Henry Gunter, who came from that far off land of Germany many years ago to this great melting pot of America. When a girl of 19 she left her home in Germany and landed in New York with only three pennies in her pocket but with a lot of good advice from her father.

"Elizabeth," he said to his daughter, " you keep away from the young fellows. If one of them asks you to marry him, ask him if he can keep a wife, what his trade is, has he any money, who his parents are and where he comes from? Remember that." Elizabeth did—to the letter when that man came.

She reached New York 1863. It was a very different place from the New York of to-day. There was in the hustling little city a well-known German hotel proprietor who always sent his son to meet the boats and collect his stray countrymen.

So before long, this immigrant girl found herself established with her countrymen as a servant in the hotel, and here, two years later, she met Henry Gunter, a handsome young piano maker and after a short courtship they were married, not however until she had carefully asked him all the questions her father had suggested. They lived together sixty-nine years,—the greater part of that time here in Toronto where they have been very happy

ELIZABETH GUNTER

among their friends. Both she and her husband have been active in musical circles.

I BECAME interested in Mrs. Gunter when Bertha told me of her childhood activities with the early Kindergarten movement in Germany. I wanted to talk to someone who had really known the great Froebel, so I took the opportunity to visit her in her neat home on Roxton Road. I was welcomed by the plump, white haired little woman just past her ninetieth birthday, but still active and bright, doing all her own work, and looking after the furnace. In her broken English, with her black eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, she told me the following,—

"Yes, I was born in Schweina, Germany, and with my sister and a small group of little children I was enrolled in a Kindergarten under Fredrick Froebel (the founder of Kindergarten) at Mariental, Germany. Of course the real work of this school was conducted by young women teachers, but Froebel, himself, a man of medium height with rather long hair and a kind face and gentle voice, was much of the time at the school, conducting the play and teaching the little songs, dances, and finger plays. Oh! it was lovely all the time at the little school! And we were so happy together. If you like I'll sing you one of the little songs we sang almost daily at the play school."

With her wrinkled little hands she held up the white apron she wore over her black dress and danced around her living room floor gathering flowers from imaginary bushes and filling her apron and arms, singing in her broken English, occasionally lapsing into the language of her native Germany.

AFTER all these many years Mrs. Gunter's soul is full of love and tenderness awakened in her at the tender age of four or five when she came under the wise training of Froebel. This great teacher felt that pre-school children were neglected and he planned for them graduated courses of exercises, modeled on the games in which he found them most interested. It was during the years that Froebel was training young teachers to carry out his wonderful plans that my dear old friend found her way into his Kindergarten. Self activity was the keynote. The children were taught to do things; it was play but as they played, they learned.

NOW past ninety, Mrs. Gunter is keen and alert, active every minute. When she is not busy with her household duties, she works in her little flower garden in the sum-

mer. As she explained there were no "jounger" in her family and to pass the hours during the cold weather, she spends her time crocheting. The rooms were filled with her handiwork. There were appliqued borders on the window blinds, doilies on the table and mantel, centerpieces on the cushions, and across the front window was hung a beautiful curtain with a large peacock design in crochet. This, she explained, had taken her over a year to finish "by doing two rows every night." She is proud of the curtain and proud to see people stand on the sidewalk to admire it.

It was a most pleasant experience for me to partake of her humble hospitality and to her, I am sure, it was a real joy to have someone listen with keen interest to her reminiscences of the long, long ago. It reminded me of the years in Brigham City when my older children were babies. There I belonged to a Mothers' club where we studied Froebel's Mother's Play Book. As we discussed his methods and attempted to put his suggestions into use with our own little ones, Froebel and his early inspirational methods of training children seemed a thing far removed from us here at home. Now after only a few years, I mingle with one of the very first of his disciples and an ardent admirer of him. To me this is quite wonderful.

In our conversation she said to me, "Oh! I love children. Whenever I see children on the street, I stop to watch them at their play. When I know of an entertainment or operetta, where children take part, I try to go, and many, many days, I visit the Kindergarten here where children are taught much the same as I was taught back in Germany. Oh! I love them and I love to be near them. When the lawyer makes out my will, I am going to leave to the children all of my money, above that which will take care of small wants during my life."

DAVID STARR JORDAN says: "There is nothing in all the world so important as children, nothing so interesting. If ever you wish to go in for philanthropy, if ever you wish to be of real use in the world, do something for children."

"The life of my dear old friend, Mrs. Gunter, bears out this bit of philosophy.

The tender love and kind consideration she has for little children fairly beams in her gentle face. Evidently these virtues were awakened in her at a tender age when she sat at the feet of Froebel and absorbed from his understanding heart, his great love and appreciation for the child, the hope of the world.

Such a rare and lovely find has quickened me to pay my humble tribute to her:

'Tis sweet to have acquaintance with
a soul like hers.
To hear her reminiscences
Of joyous childhood days,
Now near a century gone,
Is like an echo from a fairy realm.
Her love for little children,
Her faith, her hope of heaven,
Her joy in making bright
A home for those she loves
Have left on her an imprint sweet.
Her radiant kindly face
Reflects the joy she feels.
Truly a life like hers
Has been a light to some one's feet,
Has done its bit
To make this good world better.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AUGUST—Hope soars high, for smiling nature offers her most precious gifts.

DURING the summer months, the book lover finds for his delectation a choice variety of books to amuse and delight for an idle hour, either in the garden hammock, the woodland camp, the canyon cottage, or on the ocean cruise.

GLADYS HASTY CARROLL, author of "As the Earth Turns," has written another story of Maine farm life, "Neighbor To The Sky." Edith Thomas Nettleton is interesting and amusing with her new book, "Grandmother Bates Sees The World," while for deeper thinking Thursa Graymar has written an appraisal of the present division in the schools over progressive and traditional theories of education titled "The School At The Cross Roads." Genevieve Wimsatt offers a dramatic Chinese story of mysticism, "The Lotus Flower."

DAPHNE DU MAURIER, granddaughter of the great Victorian author, has furnished a distinct contribution to biography with her book "The Du Mauriers."

VIRGINIA WOOLF has received the highest praise from the literary critics for her last book, "The Years."

FANNIE HURST, luxuriously ensconced in a palace overlooking the Grand Canal in Venice, is working on another novel, doubtless with Hollywood rights in mind.

ELIZABETH of England and her father, the Earl of Strathmore, received the Order Knights of the Garter together, at Windsor Castle last June. Queen mother Mary and Elizabeth are the only two women members of the Order.

LADY NANCY ASTOR made a prolonged visit to her homeland this summer and while she refused to talk for the press on public questions she did make some astute observations on the labor question.

AMELIA EARHART'S tragic adventure in the South Pacific threw all other thrills of the year into the shadows.

JADWIGA JEDREZEJOWSKI of Poland, brilliant tennis player, won the championship at Wimbledon this summer. American women have held it for the past seven years.

HELEN GAHAGEN has been invited to sing the lead at the Salzburg festival this summer. She also expects to tour Europe in concert before returning to her American home.

HELEN HAYES, charming actress, was as "nervous as a school girl" when she had conferred upon her the degree of doctor of letters this summer.

MARY NORTON as chairman of the labor committee of the House of Representatives with Frances Perkins secretary of labor in the cabinet almost places a monopoly of the labor question in the hands of women.

Ferdinand's Strategy

By J. S.

THE sun shone like brass in the little mesa and even the herd seemed to wilt in its hot glow. Scattered along the river edge and the hillside, they grazed with their big, mellow orbs half-shut.

Ferd looked down at them from his post on the hillside. It was hard watching, these hot July days. Nothing less imperative than the strict discipline of his uncle's establishment could keep him awake and alert, as one must be, with some of the finest stock on the ranch under his supervision, and lawless Mexican cattle thieves about everywhere wanting only a chance to drive off a stray from the herd.

Ferd prodded himself with this fact as he found himself nodding dangerously under the shade of the scrub-oak where he sat with his dog. Ferd gave an extra sharp glance around to see that none of the cattle were straying.

They were all there, even to Black Moll, the pig, who disdaining the society of her kind, devoted herself exclusively to the company of the cows as steadfastly as Touse, only that Touse was wont to run the wanderers down and bring them back, while Moll enjoyed straying as well as any of her bovine friends.

THE story of Moll's eccentricity was the choicest bit of history going about the ranch. In trying to get some corn that had fallen through cracks in the corn-crib under the barn, she had managed to wriggle through the hole made by two broken boards, and finding food plentiful, had been in no hurry to extricate herself from her retreat, though the ranch hands had tried in every way to induce her to move.

With the water, which was shoved under the barn daily, providing against suffering in this way, she lived under the barn for two weeks; when one day she suddenly appeared, having almost broken her back in her attempt to get out. Exile had changed Moll materially; for when she came back, she displayed a lofty and grunting contempt for her companion-pigs, keeping exclusively to the society of the cows.

There were a pair of dun-colored Jerseys to which she seemed particularly attached, and the spot where these chanced to be was a certain indication of Moll's whereabouts.

Ferd saw the three now close together, near the outer line of cattle, and smiled as he thought of Moll's queer partiality. But how hot it looked down there in the valley! The glaring sunlight seemed to scorch the grass. Ferd put his hand over his eyes to shut out the glare as he stretched himself out in the shade of the tree.

FERD opened his eyes with a start. Touse was down by the river edge scampering after the cows that were making for a bridge down the stream. Ferd roused himself with an effort and with sleepy eyes watched the dog round them in. It did not take long and as Touse raced in with the strays, Ferd, who was just beginning to realize how low the sun was, stood up and began hurriedly to count the herd. When

he had finished he went over it all once more. Thirty-three—there was no mistake, and before he had closed his eyes the thirty-five were all in the valley. He got up on a big boulder and looked around. Apart from the herd there was no sign of an animal anywhere in sight. He went to where his pony was tethered at the foot of the slope, and mounting her, rode swiftly around the spur of hills that cut off the view of the lower valley. His new vantage gave him command of a stretch of level plain for at least two miles on either hand, and in that area no sign of the cows was visible.

Ferd's heart sank as he thought of the home-going. What would his uncle say when he knew that he had slept at his post? He could guess beforehand the stern look that would come into his face—and who could tell that it might not result in his being sent back home in disgrace? Ferd shuddered as he thought of it.

Affairs at home had been bad enough before his mother's death: but with her restraining influence removed, his stepfather had made their place a reproach to the locality; and when, a month since, Uncle Jake Perly rode over from his ranch in the next county and offered Ferd a home, the change was a comparative paradise. Ferd's instincts were of the better sort, and his uncle's household, though ruled with stern discipline, was a haven of righteousness after Pete Rider's lawless one.

There were no idlers permitted at his uncle's ranch, and Ferd was given charge of the herd through the day. Uncle Jake had already suffered considerable loss through the carelessness of his hired herd-boys, and in entrusting Ferd with the charge of the cattle, he had impressed upon him a clear sense of his responsibility.

It was with sorrowful heart that Ferd reflected upon the possible outcome of his mid-day sleep. If the cows were stolen, it would mean total loss, for it was not easy to gain possession of cattle that had been rebranded. If there were only some one here to go in search of them at once it might not be too late to save them! He looked back longingly in the direction of the ranch. If only one of the hired men would appear! But there was no one in sight in that direction, though a horseman had just turned the bend the other way and was coming toward him.

It was Joe Riley, a boy who sometimes worked for Ferd's uncle, and Ferd hailed him with eagerness.

"Have you got anything special to do, Joe?"

"No. I've been trying herding over at Rugby's, but they were too tough for me and I left."

Ferd told him about the strays.

"Won't you stay with the herd till I take a look around? I can't bear the thought of going back without them."

"I don't wonder," said Joe with a smile. "I wouldn't face your uncle with the news for fifty dollars, if I'd been to blame. By the way, I wonder if the animals Sam Smith told me about could have been yours. He passed our place awhile ago and asked me if we'd lost any stock. Said he'd seen two cows and a black pig makin' tracks towards the top of Hyde's hill as fast as their legs could carry them."

"Black Moll and the Jerseys!" exclaimed Ferd. He had not had time to notice which of the cows were gone—or that Black Moll was not among those left, but Joe's story left him no doubt as to the identity of the strays.

"You'd better get on your horse and go after them as quick as you

can," said Joe. "I'll stay with the herd till you get back, and if you don't catch up with them before sundown I'll drive the rest home."

FERD hurriedly proceeded to act upon this advice, and as he turned to gallop away he called out, "Tell uncle I shan't come back till I can bring them with me, Joe."

Hyde's hill was only two miles to the north. With Bess at her best, it did not take long to reach the spot, and spurring the mare up to the easy ascent, Ferd passed the crest and looked eagerly around. He could see no sign of the strays, and as the valley below was broken by big clumps of timber, he was afraid his search was to be difficult.

Riding down the hill he left the road and rounded the nearest stretch of trees, hoping to gain a glimpse of them beyond, but without avail. In the clearing, a short way ahead, he espied a house, and rode up to the door. An old man answered his knock and Ferd hastened to put his question.

"Jerseys?" he repeated. "Why I saw two Jerseys and a black pig about an hour back skirting along them trees the other side of the road. They were druv by a man a-horseback; looked like one o' the Rugby gang, but I couldn't make out for sure because o' distance and the sun bein' in my eyes. If the Rugbys have got hold of 'em you might's well go back home."

"Where is Rugby's place?" asked Ferd with sinking heart.

"It's about five miles northwest o' here; you keep the road till you're clear o' the next strip o' woods and then take the one that turns west."

Ferd touched Bess lightly with his spurs and galloped away. It was nearly sundown, and there was no time to lose. It was in fact just as the sun sank from sight below the hills that he came in sight of Rugby's ranch, which was known as the haunt and refuge of outlaws throughout the country.

IN his ride to the ranch Ferd had mentally formulated a daring plan. He knew Rugby's by reputation well enough to guess that if the strays had fallen into their hands, he could not hope to regain them except by strategy. His uncle had suffered once before through their trickery; and though the clue given him by the old man was indefinite, it was the best and only one he could act upon.

Riding boldly through the gates, which were still unfastened, he spoke to a couple of men who were washing their hands and faces at a pump in the back yard.

"Is Joe Rugby here?" he asked.

"I'm Joe Rugby," answered the elder of the two, eyeing Ferd as he wiped his hands on the rough towel.

"I'm Pete Rider's step-son," volunteered Ferd, his knowledge of some of his step-father's dealings with the Rugbys making him use his name with assurance.

"You're all right then," the man answered with tardy cordiality. "Pete Rider's all right, and I'll be glad to hear what word he has sent."

"I wanted a change, and I've come to see if you'd take me on the herd," said Ferd. "I heard you was without a boy, and thought maybe you'd give the job to me."

"You're right about our wantin' one, and if you think you're fit for the job I don't see why you shouldn't have it."

"I've herded nearly ever since I can remember," said Ferd confidently.

"Well, I guess if you can suit Pete Rider you'll suit us," said Jake with

a meaning laugh. "Did you come purposin' to stay tonight?"

"Yes," said Ferd stoutly.

"Had your supper?" Jake questioned.

"No," Ferd answered. "I haven't had anything to eat since breakfast."

"Well, I guess you're ready for a meal then? Tie your horse to the fence there and come in to supper."

Ferd did as he was bidden and was led into the kitchen, where a half dozen men were already gathered at the supper table. Jake introduced him by stating Ferd's business, and after a few minutes' talk among them he was left to eat his meal in silence.

After supper the rest of the men went down to the corral to do the milking, and after putting his horse in the stable, as Jake directed, Ferd eagerly followed them.

Leaning over the low bars, he made a rapid but cautious inspection of the cattle in the inclosure. There were four or five Jerseys among them; the most of them dun-colored, and having a general resemblance to the two strays.

He did not dare go close to them for fear of awakening suspicion; and though he knew that they might be driven away through the night as a precaution in case of search being made for them, he was forced to go to bed at last, without having satisfied himself with any positiveness as to the strays being at Rugby's ranch.

THE next morning he was up before five, helping with the milking; and as he sat with his head against the flank of a gentle white cow, a queer, crescent-shaped brand close up on the under side of her foreleg attracted his attention.

He had heard his uncle tell how he had tried to trace a valuable brace of cows that he had lost three years since, by that mark, but though a search had been made at Rugby's, who were generally suspected of the theft, no animals of the color ever were found at the ranch. Ferd guessed that they had driven the two cows off in the night and sold them; but here certainly was the same brand in the identical spot as described by his uncle; and it was not unlike the Rugbys to make a bold bluff and bring the cattle back into the vicinity.

While he was busy surmising upon his chance discovery, scraps of conversation carried on between two of the men near him came to his ears.

"Seems to me 'twas a big blunder to kill her so near home. The squealin' must o' been heard for miles around."

"I didn't hear it," said the other.

"You wouldn't hear a cannon fired in your ear, when you're asleep," laughed his companion. "All the same 'twas enough to rouse the dead."

"What set Jake on killin' her?"

"Had to—she made such a row tryin' to git to them cows. Squealed and fought like mad when we put her in the pen with the rest o' the pigs."

Ferd's heart begun to beat furiously.

What further proof needed he than this?

There could be no doubt they were talking of "Black Moll" and if she were here, then too, were the cows, and if so, probably were of those he had seen in the corral last night. After breakfast Jake came to him with detailed instructions as to the cattle.

"We don't want you to take 'em beyond ear-reach today," he said. "There may be people round here makin' trouble about strays, and if there is, just you blow three times

on your whistle and we'll come and settle 'em. People round here seems to think we keep a free stray pound," he went on with pretended indignation, "and go through our herd for everything in the shape of animals they lose, the year round."

Ferd drove the cattle out of the gates hardly able to conceal his joy, as he saw the five Jerseys among the others. The spot Jake designated took him in the direction of Hyde's Hill; and driving the cattle beyond the nearest stretch of timber, he selected a suitable place for pasturage. With the help of the dog they had sent out with him he succeeded in keeping them rounded in within "ear reach" of the ranch, as Jake had instructed him. But not within eye-reach. No sooner had the strip of woods shut him from view of the ranch, than Ferd dismounted, and fastening his horse nearby, proceeded to inspect the brands on the dun Jerseys. They were all cleverly executed, but Ferd was too familiar with the entire business not to detect the odor of the newly-singed hair on two of them, and the slight bungling that had let the iron slip short of the stem of the initial letter "P" that was to convert it into an "R."

It had been indeed an easy chance for rebranding, as they had only to add the tail of the R to his uncle's initial, and add the "J" with the ring, to complete the Rugby brand. The newly scorched hair was Ferd's best proof, and so sure a one to him that he determined to lose no time in acting upon his conviction. He had already decided what to do. To attempt to drive the cows home would be madness, as they would probably miss him before half of the twelve miles could be covered with the slow-moving cows.

The only way was to ride towards home himself as swiftly as possible with his news, trusting to the chance of meeting some one who would bear his message while he could perhaps return to his charge and allay suspicion. His plans were to succeed even better than he had hoped. Keeping in the shadow of the spruce and pine trees that lined the slope of Hyde's Hill, he had just reached its crest when he saw riding up the opposite ascent, his uncle, with two of the farm hands, who were searching both for himself and the cattle. In a few words he told them of his strategy and the discoveries he had made, and acting upon his suggestion the three men waited till Ferd rode back to the herd to report conditions.

In a few moments they saw Ferd's red handkerchief below waving them to come forward; and a short ride brought them in sight of the herd.

It took but a short time to verify Ferd's discoveries. Henry Perly finding among the cattle not only the white cow which Ferd had by chance identified, but also the other valuable animal that had disappeared at the same time.

Not wishing to dispose of the two valuable milch-cows, the Rugbys had boldly brought them back to their ranch, trusting to their usual luck, and the fact of the long time of their absence to guard against their being identified.

IT was no easy task driving the four cows back through the trees and underbrush to the top of the hill beyond sight of the Rugbys ranch, but they knew if they were once seen it would mean an onset by the entire gang at Rugby's who outnumbered them three to one.

Previous encounters with them had satisfied the little party that discretion was the better part of valor, even with right distinctly on their

side. It was not yet noon when they arrived home safely with their property, and a telegram sent to the county seat brought the sheriff with a half dozen deputies to the ranch in two hours' time.

It needed only the positive proof in Henry Perly's possession to give the sheriff a long-yearned-for chance of arresting the members of the Rugby outfit, and breaking up an establishment and organization that had been a menace to the county for many years.

ON the day following the arrest, Perley called his nephew into the best room, a spot usually reserved for state and momentous occasions.

"We have got to have a reckoning Ferdinand," said his uncle with one of his sternest expressions on his face. "You proved unfaithful to the trust I placed in you, and I must punish you, however much I dislike the task. I have engaged Joe Riley to take charge of my cattle henceforth, and I am going to send you away."

The swift tears started in Ferd's eyes.

"Where can I go if I leave you, Uncle?" he asked chokingly.

"You are to go to school in Denver for two years," said his uncle in a surprising matter of fact tone; "and after that to Annapolis University, if you prove yourself as smart in your examinations as you have in this Rugby business." Then his stern face relaxed into a kind smile; and though Ferd's tears flowed unrestrainedly at his sentence of banishment, it was for joy exclusively, and with no sense of shame.

SIDE BY SIDE

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

We sit by the fire—we are bound, he and I,
By a hundred small ties and by large ones a score;
He reads in his paper—I read in the fire
And travel when free to memory's shore.

He thinks I'm content to remain here as he,
He doesn't suspect how I roam far and free
With youth in my eyes and slender white hands
And eager young feet for the questing of lands.

He looks up and turns and smiles real as life,
And says, "I declare you look young tonight, wife."
I nod and smile—he turns back to his paper
And I travel on, now the journey is safer.

Oh, once I was young and did fret while men read
And wondered how grandma could sit still as dead,
With a sweet patient smile as content as could be;
I never did guess—I never did see—

Did she travel, too, while grandpa was newsing?
Perhaps—for he made the same speech Jim was using.

Little Moments of Eternity

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

VACATIONS
Take Time For Rest

By Lella Marler Hoggan

"After the turmoil of the day
God sends the quiet, kindly night."
—*Selected.*

IN THE beginning it was divinely arranged that night should follow day; that a rest period, a holy Sabbath, should come after consecutive days of toil. There is a rhythm, a vibration in everything in nature, an ebb and flow, effort and relaxation, toil and rest, struggle and reward.

Labor without cessation defeats its own purpose. Life demands time out, in which to rebuild and reanimate the weary body and to refresh the soul. Remaining too long in the quiet valley of uneventful days of toil does not promote growth. The spirit demands diversion, recreation.

NOW that man has taken life into his hands, as it were, and lightened labor and lengthened leisure, there is an ever increasing quantity of free time to be programmed. With fewer work obligations and more free hours, the problem of giving direction to our leisure time activities demands serious consideration.

If free time becomes empty time the very purpose of leisure is defeated. Hours of unemployment are an opportunity for creative effort, education, self-realization; a time for meditation and prayer, a time to cultivate the soul.

Our lives are seldom a materialization of our ideals. Shifted about like pawns on a chess board, we fail to realize our most cherished aspirations. The accomplishment of lifelong desires is postponed from year

to year, until the vision of hope becomes dimmed or outgrown.

Are we not going to awaken some fine morning shocked and disappointed because of unfulfilled promises, frustrated plans, b r o k e n dreams? Why should we continue to surrender to the caprice of fate the realization of our highest hopes?

THE visions that come to us are but prophecies of our ability to make them realities. Why not demand a settlement with ourselves this very year? When our vacation season is over we want more than a record of wasted empty hours. Let us see to it that our free time this season yields something of joy, of beauty, of growth, the beginning of some accomplishment that will satisfy the far cry of the soul. Let us take out of our vacation some genuine, lovely thing that will enrich life, that will bring joy and inspiration to the heart.

If our vacation is limited to a day in the canyon or an afternoon in the park, we still need not surrender our hope of some fine accomplishment. Many beautiful experiences can come out of one's own backyard. A few days or a few weeks of time can be set apart as a rest period, and plans can be made for a vacation at home. The summer hours from dawn until the stir of the day's activities begin, are most delightful hours. And with a little previous planning it is remarkable what can be achieved in the quiet early morning.

There are little rests all along the way of life, quiet moments of relaxation that may be used in any number of delightful ways. The use to which one puts these unemployed moments is the governing factor in his development and promotion. In the utilization of leisure one must not fail to take time to rest, to relax, to recreate the inner life.

THE person who indulges a hobby needs no suggestions as to how he shall spend his leisure, for most of his free time is directed toward the perfection of the activity that glorifies and shapes his life. Effort spent in the pursuit of a hobby is not toil, for it refreshes and recreates one, body and soul. No better leisure activity could be found, providing the hobby satisfies some inherent urge. When it does that, the participant finds purest joy in the execution of any labor it may necessitate. He puts into it his best effort and highest inspiration. And he takes out of it joy and satisfaction. And in the end it often amounts to some fine achievement, some worthy contribution to humanity.

LIFE demands solitude. We need time for meditation and prayer if we would develop our spirituality. Have you not felt the nearness of the Divine when you have stood alone under the stars in the silent night? And have you not sensed an unseen presence in a sheltered nook in some deep canyon as you listened to falling water in the distance or to a soft wind whispering through the leaves? Should we not take time to cultivate our finer sensibilities, to put ourselves "in tune with the Infinite"?

LET us make the most of our free time, and deliberately plan to cultivate all that is best within us, "to meet leisure time," as Jay B. Nash urges, "with a supreme personal enthusiasm."

Let us lift ourselves on the wings of the morning to the greatest heights we are able to ascend, and demand of our hours of leisure that they yield something significant and beautiful, something that satisfies the soul.

The Work and Business Project

By Donna D. Sorensen

SEWING, laundering and the preparation of food will probably last as long as human beings exist. Formerly these activities were performed in the home but during the past century tremendous changes have occurred. The home has gradually been relinquishing these three activities to outside agencies. Some sweeping generalizations have been made from time to time as to just how wide-spread this transferrence has been and how advantageous or disadvantageous it has been to the family. With these facts in mind the work and business project was planned for next year to achieve two objectives: first, to supply factual data to verify or challenge general statements about present day family life; second, to help women to understand and to evaluate their own work and problems. The first objective will be reached when the results from the ward surveys are compiled; the second objective we anticipate will be achieved at the end of our work next year. The survey which will have been conducted will be revealing and decisive in helping the ward and stake leaders of the work and business departments to outline their programs for the coming winter.

The tri-fold project may be approached and stressed from the economic issue involved, the desire for greater solidarity in family life and the consumer angle.

WOMEN should feel a general satisfaction in making their personal contribution to the family income. This may be made through organized and systematic effort in their legitimate field—the technicalities and details of housekeeping and homemaking instead of leaving the house to disinterested agencies—a decisive step toward the restoration of sound and healthful living. One woman with a family of four, after keeping records of what it costs to produce things in the home not for sale says: "I have found little in the way of food, clothing and services of various kinds which could not be produced in less time than the average woman would find it necessary to spend in order to earn the money with which to buy factory-made things. Record-keeping covering the cost of raw material, cost of fuel, cost of overhead and time involved has convinced me that if the average woman were to do a complete job of cooking and baking at home she would earn the equivalent of $6.00 net per week. If to what she could earn in her kitchen were added to what she might earn in her sewing room, her laundry and above all, her garden, the sum would show that she could earn far more than does the average woman who leaves her home in order to earn cash, and if women were to use modern appliances to do this work, not only would they pay for the appliances with the cash now expended for goods, which they would be producing at home, and not only could they have better food, better clothing, and better laundry work, but they could have them without the drudgery formerly associated with home-making, with plenty of leisure for cultivating the graces of life."

This project approached from the

standpoint of the economic values involved will be truly enlightening and some profitable discussion and splendid demonstrations can be arranged. Some suggestive topics and activities follow:

Bread Making

Home experiments conducted by women as to cost of home-made bread and comparison with bakery products.

Discussion and tests as to value of hard and soft wheat flours.

Varieties of quick breads.

Demonstration of mixing and baking bread.

Demonstration on making refrigerator rolls if the community has a large number of refrigerators.

Exhibit of breads from favorite recipes and exchange of recipes.

Score several loaves of both home-made and bakery bread using the score card for yeast breads. Discuss nutritive value and the varieties of yeast bread.

Sewing

Demonstration of short cuts in sewing. (Various women active in sewing could be asked in advance to demonstrate the short cuts they have discovered.)

Demonstration in simple tailoring.

Demonstration of how to oil and care for a sewing machine.

Suggestions for remodeling clothing.

Have a "cotton dress" day probably in the spring in which you ask each member to wear a cotton dress which she has made or purchased ready-made. Compare the two types from the standpoint of (a) cost and durability, (b) satisfaction to wearer, (c) workmanship.

Exhibit other types of articles both made at home and ready-made and use above comparison.

Laundry

Presentation of accurate data as to the cost of home and commercial laundry.

Demonstration of methods for laundering woolen blankets, quilts, and woolen fabrics.

Discussion of soaps and water solvents.

Discussion and demonstration on stain removal.

Latest methods in washing and rinsing.

Equipment and supplies.

ONE prominent woman tells that she found herself involved in a multiplicity of duties outside the home. She became dissatisfied at the demands on her time as she felt she was not spending enough time with her two growing children. She remembered with delight the closely knit family life which prevailed in her girlhood home and when she evaluated her activities with this in mind she decided to engage in some of the activities in the home which she remembered her mother performing which brought her such happiness. She wanted her children to remember as she had done the smell of newly baked bread and spicy cookies and she deliberately sacrificed some of her activities for just such homely tasks in order to further a more closely allied relationship in the minds of her children between mother and home. There is decided value in the family and the mother working together in this best of family units, the home. It makes for solidarity to all contribute to a common end. Probably some of our work and business leaders will want to stress just such an appeal

in their treatment of the project. If this thought predominates it will color the presentation of the material with a consequent minoring of the economic issue.

APPROXIMATELY 80% of the family buying is done by the housewife. Where the majority of the homemaker's time in a community is put to some economic use that is of greater service than it would be in the home probably the consumer approach to this project would be found more profitable. In such an event the program would probably include discussions as to how the public is protected in the buying of foodstuffs, trade-marks and their value and reliability, report of visits to the local laundries, discussion as to installment buying, inspection in the community, etc.

THE value of this project lies in the leeway which is allowed stakes in their interpretation of the survey and the adaptation of their program to meet community needs and conditions. One of the responsibilities of Relief Society is to teach mothers to help themselves and assume their tasks by fitting them in greater measure for those tasks. Mothers who desire to learn to sew or make good bread, if convinced that it pays, could be assisted on work and business day, or individual instruction could be given in the home. To those who have been making such contribution all their lives in their homes a new appreciation should come to them at the realization of what their economic contribution alone has been.

Judgment and imagination and the ability to enlist and interest the ward membership in the project will be needed but at very least our women at the end of the year will have faced and evaluated their own problems and will have come to an understanding of their own choice of life.

Articles and Bulletins Which Will Help in Furthering Project

	Cost
All About Laundering, Hamilton and Jeffryes, The Service Editor, McCalls, Dayton, Ohio	.30
Soaps and Cleansing Agents, Household Finance Corp., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.	2 for .05
Circular No. 88—Bread Making in the Home, Elna Miller.	
Circular No. 480—Soap and Water Softeners, Ellen Agren.	
Circular No. 676—Home Made vs. Ready Made.	
All three obtainable from U. S. A. C. Extension Service, Logan, Utah.	
Selection of Cotton Fabrics F. B. No. 1449	.05
Quality Guides in Buying Ready-Made Dresses. No. 105	.05
Present Guides for Household Buying	.05
All three obtainable from Supt. of Documents, Washington, D. C.	

Magazine Articles

American Home, January, 1934—"Is There Actual Economy in Doing the Family Wash at Home?" Della T. Lutes.

Scribner's, Feb., 1937—"The New Woman Goes Home," by Mrs. Ralph Borsodi.

Notes to the Field

Theology Department

IN HIS "The Archeological Discoveries and Their Bearing Upon the New Testament" Dr. Camden M. Cobern says, "In the lifetime of our Lord there was a 'widespread habit of writing among all classes of the population,' and no doubt the leading facts were written down and circulated 'almost as soon as they took place'—though doubtless at first in fragmentary form—so that probably the first account of the death of Jesus 'must be presumed to be written in the year he died.' (Milligan). As soon as the converts became so many that the original apostles could not easily carry authoritative facts personally to all Christian communities, a need of records would be felt which, because of this general habit of note taking and writing, could be readily supplied."

To the Latter-day Saints it is inconsistent and untenable to hold that Christ made no formal attempt to have records made of His teachings. When Lehi's sons were sent back to obtain the records, Nephi pointed out that it was necessary that they should obtain the plates in order that they might have "the words which have been spoken by the mouth of all the holy prophets, which have been handed unto them by the spirit and power of God, since the world began, even down unto this present time." And when great difficulty was encountered in obtaining the record, Nephi was told that it is better that one man should perish than that a nation should dwindle and perish in unbelief.

Joseph Smith was admonished, "Behold there shall a record be kept among you."—D. and C. 21:1; and John Whitmer was appointed to keep Church records and history continually—D. and C. 47:3.

Had a record of the Master's teachings not been kept, the loss would have been so great that no mortal can estimate it.

Literary Department

THE character of the Indian girl, Sacagawea, is a moot point. Many reviewers said the portrayal of the character of Sacagawea made her too simple, to ingenuous; said she should have been more enigmatical, a Mona Lisa among savages, far beyond her race and her times. I did not find her so. She was loyal, loving, sympathetic and brave; but many of the other Indians, both men and women, were the same. I found her virtues entirely the natural, innocent, virginal virtues of an unspoiled, noble young girl. She was a little vain, wanted to make a good appearance. She coveted sweets and rare tidbits, and secreted them with childish greed. She didn't take care of herself when she was sick; but she took good care of her baby. She admired the white men, recognizing their superiority; she wanted to be like them. An innocent virtue. When Clark was sick, she gave him the portion of spoiling white flour she was preserving to show her child when he was older; womanly, generous, kind-hearted. To me, she is a powerful proof that all the great, heroic, spiritual virtues have root in unspoiled nature. She was not a Mona Lisa; she was just a brave, big-hearted, good young woman.

I feel it is only fair to call attention to the fact that up until very

recently, it has been argued, rather brilliantly, that Sacagawea returned to her own tribe; never went to St. Louis; did not send her children down to Clark; and lived to a ripe old age and died on the reservation. Dr. Grace Hebard wrote a masterful book on that premise. But she gathered her material before the present-day sources were available. Now in the St. Louis historical society, they have the actual records where Clark paid for the schooling of the children; they have a copy of the letter Clark wrote to Charbonneau; they have the actual diary of Luttig, the clerk at Fort Manuel where she died; as well as the words of the English traveler, Breckenridge, who was on the boat with her on that long and laborious trip up the river. And every date, and every word of description, tallies with other records. I examined all records with minute attention and was obliged to accept this version. And I am happy to say that almost without exception, the Amercian historians and Historical Departments of the different States are in complete agreement with me."—*Ethel Hueston.* Letter to Prof. H. R. Merrill.

Eliza Roxy Snow Memorial Contest

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Three prizes will be awarded—a first prize of $15, a second prize of $10 and a third prize of $5. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the Relief Society Magazine. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine,* and closes October 15.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem submitted that it is her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

8. Members of the General Board and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

9. A writer who has received the

first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

11. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

12. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHEN I AM ALONE

By Miriam C. Bitner

"My, don't you get lonesome when you are alone?"
I am asked in a pitying tone,
And I smile when I think how the time passes by
So swiftly when I am alone.

Perhaps, I dream I am a child again
Kneeling at mother's knee,
And I say, "Now I lay me down to sleep"
As her dear voice prompted me.

Again I am in the rose garden at home
Where, a maiden, I loved to stroll;
Or I'm picking violets blue near the meadow path
As I'm coming home from school.

I think of a beautiful song I've heard,
And I hum it o'er to myself;
Or I live again in books I have read,
That are now laid on the shelf.

And though I may not leave my chair
I have no time to fret or moan
For I go to memory's beautiful land,
When I am left alone.

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorials

Church Security

WHEN once the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints puts its hand to the plow it does not turn back. In inaugurating the Church Security Program it is putting the best efforts of its best trained men into it. As President McKay says, "It calls for the everlasting teamwork of every human soul in the Church." It will succeed, for a spirit of determination and effort akin to that which prompted the Pioneers to cross trackless plains and subdue the desert is back of it. God-inspired and God-directed, with the whole-hearted cooperation of the members of the Church, the world will be shown what Christian cooperation and Christian brotherhood can do. It will encourage self-initiative and bring about cooperative help that will result in the good of the whole body. The work is moving forward, much is being accomplished, but greater achievements will mark future efforts.

In order to finance the Church Security work a call has been sent forth asking all the members of the Church to observe the Fast Day most devotedly by abstaining from two meals on that day and giving what the food would cost for the furthering of this great plan. A minimum of $1 per capita is expected. San Francisco Ward of San Francisco Stake last year reached $1.79 per capita. The people are also urged to attend the Sacrament service.

We hope every Relief Society officer and member will more than meet this standard. Not only will finances be raised in this way but spirituality will be increased. The Church Security work will not only aid the financially distressed but will bless all who further it. The call has come down through the ages, "Be One, Oh My People, Be One." This gives work that calls all together in a great cause and will increase efficiency, brotherhood, and good will.

Our Project

OUR reading Project for 1937-38 will be the reading of the New Testament. Last season many of our Relief Society women read the entire New Testament through very carefully. This will prepare them for a very much more effective study of the Scriptures this year.

It will be remembered that when the Project of Scripture reading was started in our organization, it came in response to a plea from the Mission Relief Society Presidents that our young people should be sent to the mission field with a greater knowledge of the Scriptures. While we deeply appreciate the vast amount of Scriptural reading done by our members, we are fearful that not as many of the children are becoming familiar with the Scriptures as we had hoped would be the case when the Project was started.

We suggest that this year the parents get their children together on every Sabbath day or any other definite time and read from the New Testament. Having read it last year, they will know what portions will be most attractive to their young people. We hope also they will have children memorize some of the beautiful passages to be found in Holy Writ.

We heard recently of a family who made it a practice on the Sabbath Day before dinner to have the children each tell what he had learned in Sunday School. Would it not be a fitting thing on the Sabbath Day to have each child give a Scriptural quotation he had learned during the week?

Phenomenal Growth

WE recently received from the Washington Branch of the Eastern States Mission a directory prepared by the Relief Society. The cover contains a fine picture of the beautiful chapel. This directory contains 439 names. On the back cover are the names of the directory committee, the Relief Society executive officers, the special officers, the class leaders, the supervisors of visiting teachers, and special cooperators, and the Relief Society district Red Cross unit.

The directory includes the full name of each member, her husband's initials, her address, her telephone number, and where she formerly lived.

Of this list of names 203 are paid members this year. When we published the report of our Magazine Drive in December, this branch had only 77 members enrolled. They had the highest *Magazine* subscription in the Church—212 or 275% of their enrollment.

After the Magazine Drive was over, these indefatigable women started on the membership, and the result of their wonderful efforts can be seen in their remarkable increase.

Two Valuable Courses

WE call our readers' attention to two very valuable courses of study that are appearnig in our Relief Society Magazine. The one "Child Guidance" is a continuation of a two-years' course of study written by a professional who gives most helpful suggestions to mothers in the rearing of children. The other, a new course, "Typical Women of the Church," is a treatise in biographical study, that will be most beneficial to all who will read it. Whether these lessons are taken up in the organizations in any way or not we feel that no subscriber can afford to miss reading these valuable contributions.

Let No Time Be Lost

MANY members of the Relief Society when moving to various States do not immediately affiliate with the local organization. In order that they may be contacted as soon as possible it would be a valuable thing for their friends or relatives at home to send their names and addresses to the Relief Society Mission President who will be delighted to have these people welcomed and invited to affiliate and participate in the local work.

ANTHEM—SERVE AND PRAISE THE LORD

By Lula Greene Richards

Serve the Lord of might and wonders—
Praise Him for the hail and thunders
Which He sends each in its time,
For His matchless strength and worth
Which shall purify the earth—
Bring to pass its glad new birth
Through His works sublime.

Praise Him for abundant mercies—
Love which will rebuke all curses
As from evil men refrain.
O America—blest land!
Where God's sacred Temples stand,
By His wisdom built and planned,
Wherein Christ doth reign.

Kingdoms — nations — cease from warring,
To all lands their rights restoring,
To each tribe its own accord.
Watch the course of "Jesse's Stem—"
"Jews rebuild Jerusalem—"
Ephraim here, "Earth's polished gem,"
All shall serve the Lord.

By His gracious hand protected,
With the just be resurrected—
To secure such high award,
Selfish pride and envy shun,
See each duty justly done,
And with Christ the perfect One
Serve and praise the Lord.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

SOME MORMON CONTRIBUTIONS TO AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF CHRIST (Cont'd)

SUFFICIENT references are given in the body of the lesson as well as in the questions and problems. Those persons who have good library facilities may desire to extend their reading and to compare points of view as represented in the books listed in Lesson I. See introduction to previous lesson.

1. *Did Christ Command Records to be Kept?* Many have held that Christ made no formal attempt to keep records of His discourses. It is pointed out that He merely wanted to establish a fellowship among men, that the formation of a church was not in His program. Hence, there would be no special need for the keeping of records. Moreover, the very retentive memories of Christ's disciples have been held responsible for the preservation of the incidents and teachings in the gospels. The gospels are supposed to have been written long after His death. The Modern Scriptures, the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants, make clear the fact that these conjectures are, in the main, only partly correct. The Book of Mormon records in some detail very valuable observations made by the Christ during His appearance to the Nephites. In 3 Nephi 23:8-11 the Savior criticises the Nephite records because they did not contain an account of the fulfilment of the prophecy of Samuel, the Lamanite, to the effect that many saints arose from the dead after Christ's resurrection. "And it came to pass that Jesus commanded that it should be written; therefore it was written according as he commanded." (3 Nephi 23:13) We immediately ask ourselves why the Christ should be so careful to see that correct records were kept among the Nephites and not among His disciples in Palestine. Reason would seem to tell us that records were kept in the Palestinian Church. We are confirmed in this by revelations recorded in the Doctrine and Covenants. One ought to study carefully sections seven and ninety-three in which reference is made to records kept by John. "And it shall come to pass, that if you are faithful you shall receive the fulness of the record of John." (Doctrine and Covenants 93:18) Neither ought we to forget that when the Christ preached His first great sermon to the Nephites, He delivered the main part of it substantially as it is given in the Sermon on the Mount. (Matthew 5, 6, 7) The extremely close likeness of the account in Matthew to that of the Nephite record (3 Nephi 12, 13, 14) is explainable to us only on the assumption that the first named account was written at or about the time the Sermon was delivered. Furthermore, it will be noted that Matthew's and Luke's (Luke 6:20-49) records of the Sermon differ in details. We believe that this was due to the fact that the latter is a second-hand account.

2. *Was Paul the Author of the Sermon on Love?* The sermon on love found in I Corinthians 13 is

generally admitted to be one of the choicest bits in all literature. But was Paul really the author of it? For many years the writer has pointed out that it is doubtful if Paul was. The reason for this judgment will be indicated directly. Some time between 400 A. D. and 421 A. D. Moroni, the last of the Nephite prophets, wrote some of the words of his father "which he spake concerning faith, hope, and charity." In the course of these teachings Mormon quotes words that are almost identical with those found in I Corinthians 13. (Carefully compare Moroni 7:45, 46 with I Corinthians 13:4-8). The similarity in these passages can not be accidental. Why does a Nephite prophet on this continent quote passages so nearly like those attributed to Paul? It seems to us there is a logical solution of this problem. It is, namely, that neither Paul nor Mormon were the authors of the passages in question. Both were quoting from a common author. And who was that author? Our suggestion is that Christ was the original author of the sermon, and that He delivered it both to the Jews and to the Nephites. Who would be a more likely author of such a sermon than the Savior of the world? The contribution of the Book of Mormon on this subject is of obvious importance and interest. What a rich mine this book will be to future generations of scholars!

3. *The Savior's Use of the Scriptures.* An interesting book could be written with the above title. Here we shall only refer to certain instances of the Savior's use of scripture, that are of special interest. The first reference that catches our attention is to the Book of Daniel. We shall refer to the Savior's sermon recorded in the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew as revised by the Prophet Joseph Smith and as published in the Pearl of Great Price. In verse 12 the Savior is recorded as saying, "When you, therefore, shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet, concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, then you shall stand in the holy place; whoso readeth let him understand." Another reference to Daniel in a somewhat different connection is given in verse 32. The interest of these references to Latter-day Saints lies in the fact that modern authorities generally agree that the book of Daniel was written about 165 B. C. If this date is correct, the book, in any instance, could not have been written by Daniel, the prophet. And if Daniel did not write it, why should the Savior make reference to him in such important matters as the coming destruction of Jerusalem and the destructions imminent to the Second Advent? From our point of view it is quite unlikely that the Christ was referring to any other than the Daniel of the Babylonian captivity who lived about 600 B. C.

Most modern authorities also agree that the greater portion of the book of Isaiah was not written by that prophet. Particularly, chapters 40-66 are said not to come from him. But few chapters from 1-39 are attributed to him. It is interesting to note, however, that the Book of Mormon quotes extensively from different parts of Isaiah. The Savior quoted Isaiah to the Nephites with approval, including what are now disputed chapters. (cf. 3 Ne. 20:11, 12; 22; 23:1-3) We rather suspect that modern writers hack the book to pieces and deny that Isaiah wrote most of it because they do not sufficiently understand it. The message of the book as a whole is not clearly comprehended.

The Book of Ezekiel is another much misunderstood book. A modern author writing of Ezekiel says, "There is much in him that is fantastic, and much that is legalistic. His imaginations border sometimes on the mechanical. . . . The order and precision of the priestly mind are reflected in the unusually systematic arrangement of the book." Another writer says, "He is one of the few persons definitely pictured as a trance prophet. In his home, or in a council of elders, he suddenly goes off into acute psychic states which stimulate ideas and focus attention upon grave-issues." How different the attitude taken by the Lord toward Ezekiel's "grotesque imaginations" and "legalistic" turn of mind! In a revelation to the Prophet Joseph Smith (Doctrine and Covenants 29:21) the Lord refers with approval to some of his "grotesque" and "legalistic" writings. The world may someday realize that Ezekiel was a real prophet and not a "priest," in the narrow sense now current.

The people of the Church, generally, have not had their attention called to the fact that the Christ quoted and explained quite a considerable passage from the book of Micah, the prophet. The reader is invited to compare 3 Nephi 21:12-21 with Micah 5:8-15. It is significant to us and of great interest to know that our Lord singled out part of Micah's prophecy and applied it to the latter days. Micah was a great prophet.

All the illustrations given above are indicative of the fact that the Church has some real contributions to make to the world in respect to the life and teachings of Christ. We ought to study and appreciate them more.

Questions

1. What interesting contributions to our knowledge, other than those brought out in the lesson, are given in the seventh section of the Doctrine and Covenants?

2. What contribution does modern revelation make relative to Christ's teaching about the New Jerusalem?

3. Could you explain the teaching of Christ in John 14:12-27 without the help of a modern prophet? (See Parry—*Joseph Smith's Teachings,* pp. 21-23, or *History of the Church,* Vol. 3, p. 380.)

4. Do you think Christ taught the doctrine of the three glories to His ancient disciples? Hint: Compare *Doctrine and Covenants* 76:70-89 with I Corinthians 15:40-42.

Problems

Treat only those that time and circumstances will permit.

1. Find as many references as you can in our Modern Scriptures which show that God's people in all ages were record keepers.

2. Some claim that the record of the Christ found in the gospel of John was not written by John the Revelator. Examine *Doctrine and Covenants* 93:6-18 and compare John 1:1-32; John 21:21-23 and compare *Doctrine and Covenants,* Sec. 7; I Nephi 14:20-27. Do you believe the Church has a contribution to make on this subject?

3. Interpret Micah 5:8-15. Hint: Compare the passage with 3 Nephi 21:12-21. It will be helpful to read the whole chapter in 3 Nephi.

4. Compare Moroni 10:9-17 with I Corinthians 12:8-11. How do you account for the similarities in the two records?

Teacher's Topic

THE FIRMNESS OF JESUS

CHARACTER grows, we are all on the move. Some of the most beautiful mircales are the slow but steady remoldings of character. Let each man take the character of Jesus of Nazareth as a form for his own."

"Be sure of the foundation of your life
Know why you live as you do.
Be ready to give a reason for it.
Do not in such a matter as life
Build on opinion or custom
Or on what you guess is true;
Make it a matter of certainty.
Then be firm."

—*Anonymous.*

"Character is wrought out in the arrival of life
When duty and desire are welded by the hammer strokes of will."

—*Geo. H. Brimhall.*

Firmness is a character trait no less desirable or praiseworthy than tenderness, gentleness or graciousness. "Gentleness of nature is not a virtue but a defect unless accompanied by tenacity of will. Sweetness is not enough to make a man useful and noble. Along with sweetness there must go strength and underneath the moods soft as velvet there must lie a resoluteness hard as steel." Sometimes the character trait of firmness is spoken of as "back bone" and again as "will power."

Some one has said, "the Will is character in action." Firmness in character must be exercised under the guidance of intelligence; of effective thinking and sound judgment. Otherwise it becomes headstrongness, stubbornness, obstinacy. The willed character under the control of intelligent willing on the part of those who have learned how to think effectively, has given to the world its leaders.

The behavior of an individual is powerfully influenced by the social group in which he moves. Firm must be the one who upholds his standards when they run counter to those of his associates. Firm must be he who would not walk in paths marked out by custom. The strongest and most independent often submit to customs against which the heart protests. The majority of people are not strong enough to be themselves but are echoes of their neighbors and walk in paths marked out by others.

Great strength is required not to yield to the wishes and demands of people of influence. Only one of unusual firmness will not compromise principles to win the favor of the influential. The respect and good will of neighbors, friends, and loved ones is genuinely sweet but the purchase price of these should not be a sacrifice of principles. The world is ever calling for men of stability, men who stand firm.

In Jesus of Nazareth we find firmness super-abundantly. Here was a man whom nobody swerved or dominated. He did not yield to the wishes and demands of a nation. His countrymen had formed definite ideas of the Messiah. They wanted and expected him to be the "King of Kings." Jesus did not attempt to carry out the program on which the hearts of his countrymen were set. He stood firm "in choosing the road that led to supremacy by way of Gethsemane and Golgotha." He had the strength of will to perform his duty even though he had to disappoint the dearest wishes and expectations of his people.

Jesus was the greatest of all re-

ligious leaders. He stood out firmly in defiance of certain teachings and ceremonies of the Jewish Church such as Sabbath observance, the use of the Temple, etc., until his nonconformity labeled him a blasphemer.

He had abundant opportunity to win the favor of the influential of his day by compromising his principles. His steadfastness to them made for him enemies who finally crucified him.

To turn a deaf ear to the entreaties of loving friends requires a firmness possessed by few. Jesus did this with Peter. "Jesus began to show unto Peter how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes; and be killed, and be raised again the third day.

"Then Peter took him and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee."

But he turned, and said unto Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan. Thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men."

Jesus firmly resisted the importunities of his family. His mother's exhortation went unheeded in order to obey the call of his Father in Heaven. His experience in the temple when twelve years of age furnishes an illustration. Mary said to Jesus, "Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? Behold thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing."

And he said unto them, "How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Jesus was not only firm himself. He wanted all men to be firm and steadfast. Consider the quotation, "And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake; but he that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved."

All His promises and warnings to mankind remain unshaken and unchanged.

Steadfastness in human character is admired by all. Individuals must learn to recognize bigness and importance, must develop worthy principles then be loyal to them against all persuasion. Lacking this we are unpredictable and poorly fitted for workaday service. No one can exercise will power for another. Each one must do that for himself. Never let it be said of you, "Anyone can talk him into anything," or "He is a good enough man, but so easily influenced."

References

Character of Jesus—Jefferson.
Mark 2:27.
Matt. 21:12-16.
Matt. 17:21-23.
Luke 2:41-49.
Matt. 10:22.

Questions

1. Compare obstinacy with firmness and give examples of each.
2. What present day conditions require firmness on the part of Latter-day Saints in upholding Church standards?
3. Why must Parental attitudes with regard to L. D. S. standards be as firm as conduct?
4. Show why firmness of character is essential to success in life.

Literature

Lesson II

SACAGAWEA

THREE boats constituted the fleet which carried the Lewis and Clark Expedition up the river. On the largest and best of the boats was the leather lodge which Sacagawea shared with her husband and the commanders.

"Clark recorded the dramatic moment of their departure in his Journal. 'Two Capts.,' he wrote. 'Three sergeants. Two interpreters.' To complete the record he included a roster of the men. Of the original twenty-nine who started from St. Louis three were gone: Sergeant Floyd slept on his bluff above the river; Red and Newman had been sent to St. Louis in disgrace. La-Page had been recruited in Mandan in place of Newman and Charbonneau had been added; Charbonneau and Sacagawea. Sacagawea! Clark hesitated. He scratched his head.

" 'Charbonneau'," he said, 'spell your squaw's name for me. I want to put it in my Journal. Spell slowly'."

But Clark almost gave up in despair after Charbonneau had pronounced and spelled it several times. " 'I spelled it,' said Clark with considerable pride. 'It was not easy, but I did it. She's got a right to go in the record along with the rest of the party'."

How much of a right to go into the record she was to have he was to learn over and over before the long journey was finished. She became somewhat important immediately by being able to add to their food supply from the native fruits and vegetables along the way.

"Usually they stopped for the main meal of the day at 2 o'clock. Then while the cooks prepared food, Sacagawea wandered in the woods, searching for small grains and vegetables. She discovered wild artichokes, hidden in holes by mice for winter provender. She raided their nests prodding in the earth about small collections of dead wood with a sharp-forked stick until she had collected all she could carry, and was sufficiently rewarded by Clark's warm smile.

" 'Janey, what an unexpected asset you are turning out to be!' he declared. 'I dare say in the end it will be you and no one else who keeps us from starving, saving our lives and our expedition'."

"She flushed happily. Poor Sacagawea! If only she could understand the important words that went with the friendly smiles. She tried hard to pick up a little English, but it was not easy. Not only Charbonneau's imperfect knowledge made it hard, but the odd dialects of the men themselves—Scotch and Irish, rough frontier vernacular, Yankee, and pleasant Southern drawl."

The journey must have been a delight to the little Indian woman. Ever so many new and wonderful things! Flour and sugar were wonderful to her. She asked the cook if she might have some of each to put away to show her little son when he grew up.

Sacagawea often walked on shore with the Captains and especially with Clark whom she trusted most. They plied her with questions about her people and made an attempt to learn some of the Shoshoni language.

" 'When you see my people,' Sacagawea told them, 'tell them quickly that you are white men. *Tab-ba-bo-ne.* That is the word. *Tab-ba-*

bo-ne. White man. Tell them at once. For you are now burned black as the Indians, and no Indians come here except to fight and steal their horses and their women. Pull up your sleeves and show them your white skin, quickly and cry, 'Tab-ba-bo-ne!' "

As the boats got farther up the yellow river, hardships increased, but Sacagawea was one of the staunchest and complained the least. To Charbonneau she was an abject slave waiting upon him, obeying his slightest wish. The Indian woman not only kept her own moccasins and clothing mended, but she mended those of her worthless husband as well as those of the party. Eager to do her share to make the expedition a success, with her boy on her back she ranged the banks of the river in search of foods that only the natives could find.

Sacagawea's courage and resourcefulness were exhibited one day when a squall of wind nearly capsized the boat. The Captains were on shore and the boat so nearly sank that many precious articles would have been lost had not the Bird-Woman kept her seat in the back of the boat and gathered them in as they floated past.

" 'Janey, you are a good soldier!' they declared. 'You are a great mariner! How did you get all this stuff?'

" 'I picked it out of the river,' she said simply. 'As it went swimming by, I caught it with my hands. It is our Great Medicine. Our Great Medicine must not drown.'

" 'Janey, you should be captain of our fleet—no, our admiral! You are a real hero! You have saved the expedition!' "

After the party had landed and had eaten, the Captains said to each other: " 'The squaw is a good woman. She is no coward—like some'."

In the meantime, as they went along, the two Captains, Ordway, Whitehouse, and Gass were recording the incidents of the trip from which this book we are studying was made. Mrs. Heuston took those same journals with her and made the trip up the Missouri and down to the Ocean, just as they had done except, of course, she went in an automobile and not in the slow-moving boats.

So impressed was Clark with the intelligence and loyalty of the Bird-Woman that "In mapping the tributaries of the Missouri, Clark suggested that they name a creek for Sacagawea in recognition of her resourcefulness and courage in salvaging their goods from the river.

The voyagers went slowly toward their goal. The boats gave them trouble; the bears attacked them; a buffalo bull nearly wrecked their boat, but they kept on until at last they were beyond the trail ever made by any white man. And all the time the little Bird-Woman grew in favor.

Hardships, poor food, and the care of her boy had their effect upon Sacagawea. She finally fell ill and came close to dying, to the sorrow of the entire party who waited upon her as best they could, the two Captains giving her every aid. Lewis prescribed, but Clark gave her the medicine. Whitehouse wrote in his book: "Our squaw is very sick and I am very sick myself."

The men of the party had been so fine, on the whole, that one day when they were near Great Falls, Montana, Clark said: " 'We could have combed the world and not found a finer crew. . . .'

" 'There is God's truth in those words,' Lewis replied. 'There must have been some divine influence back of their selection'."

The portage around the Great Falls was most difficult. Storms added to their peril and hardships. Clark, Sacagawea, Charbonneau and the baby came nearly being swept to their death by a flood, but the little Indian woman was as courageous during floods on land as she had been on the river and her husband about as worthless. Near this spot they celebrated July 4, 1805.

It was only a few days later that Lewis noting the abstraction of Sacagawea, asked her if she were ill.

"'This is the land of my people,' she said dreamily. 'I have been here. Many snows ago. My tribe comes here. The Three Forks is very close. We shall see my people soon'."

They went on and soon came to "three noble rivers" which they christened the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson, "the author of our enterprise." As soon as Clark, who had been sick, was able, they went on halting for dinner on that day on the exact spot where Sacagawea had been captured by the Minitarees. The men clustered about her following her from point to point, to hear her exciting tale afresh on the side of its occurrence."

As the party went forward, Sacagawea became more and more agitated. Her meeting with her brother, Chief Camehwait is very cleverly told by our author. Sacagawea was so much perturbed that she was unable to continue as interpreter. Lewis, the fine gentleman that he was, seeing her agitation, postponed the council until she could converse with her brother and learn about her people.

It was for this contact that the little Bird-Woman had been brought along. Had she not been with the party, it is doubtful if the Expedition could have succeeded. She learned of the disaffection of her brother in time to tell Lewis who, through his diplomacy, won the chief's aid.

While camped with her own people, Sacagawea was told by Lewis that White Bear, who had been her betrothed, still claimed her. The little woman, so long a slave, felt that there was nothing to do but to remain with her husband. However, Lewis once again revealed his sagacity and bought White Bear off, allowing Sacagawea to continue with them to the very edge of the great Ocean.

After almost unbelievable hardships, the expedition finally got across the Rocky Mountains and on October 7, 1805, launched their improvised boats upon the Snake River and were off for the coast.

At last the party came in sight of the great bay and later the ocean. They had made the trip in safety. Spending a miserable winter on the cold and rainy coast they set out upon the return journey the following spring. Many of the incidents of that winter, Mrs. Heuston has related with charm and a deep understanding of human nature. The closing paragraphs of chapter fifteen, beginning with "Going home!" might well be read in class.

It was on a Sunday, March 23, 1805, that the little party, the Indian woman and her half-breed child among them, took to their boats for the long journey up the Columbia and back over the shining mountains.

Poor little Indian slave of the lazy bad man! How surprised she would be to learn what has been written in many books about her! How surprised to know that thousands of white women are studying the incidents of her life gleaned from the things that "were written in the book.

Suggestions for Study

1. Trace the movements of the party from the Mandan towns to the mouth of the Columbia River. The map could well be brought into use again here.

2. Have members of the class, where more than one text is available, have passages of beauty ready to quote.

3. Picture as best you can Sacagawea's meeting with her brother.

4. Note that in the second paragraph of Chapter 13 the Lemhi River is mentioned. It might be well to have someone give a brief sketch of the Lemhi settlement in Idaho, the first white settlement to be made in that state. It was made by the Mormons, Lemhi being a Book of Mormon name.

5. Picture Christmas 1805 as these people celebrated it at the mouth of the Columbia. Note Sacagawea's Christmas present to the "Red Head."

6. Evaluate Mrs. Heuston's story as literature. Has she succeeded well in presenting situations, characters, actions?

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Social Service

Lesson II

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Text: *Civic Sociology,* Edward A. Ross, Chapter XXI.

FREEDOM of speech is one of the rights of an enlightened culture which people should respect and cherish as a privilege. In comparison to the history of man, free expression in society, both in its written and its verbal form, is of very recent date. Even the idea that each member of a country has the right to expect his government to protect his person and his property is a comparatively new acquisition to citizenship. Such a concept has developed gradually through the passing of the centuries in which government has slowly taken shape. And hundreds of years of struggle have been required to extend civil liberty to include such rights as freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and fair trial for misdeeds.

But, as with all desirable rights, the enjoyment of these privileges is attended by corresponding dangers and responsibilities. Personal liberty incurs the responsibility of obedience to law. Freedom of speech and of the press also necessitates very definite obligations. As always, the greater the amount of freedom and the number of privileges which a government grants to its people, the more sacred is the trust which has been vested in them, and the greater is the responsibility for respecting the trust.

To contemporaries, the privilege of freedom of speech might seem old, but comparatively speaking, it is of recent date. The law is still new in its application, and even today, it is sometimes questioned. Because neither its meaning nor its obligation is very generally understood, the following purposes will be indicated in regard to the subject in this lesson:

1. To understand the meaning and privileges of freedom of speech.

2. To understand the limitations

which should act as a restraint upon public utterance in order that the law may be exercised with caution.

The expression "freedom of speech" will here include both its written and verbal aspects, or the freedom of the spoken word and that of the press. It means that a citizen has the right to speak for himself or an organization without restriction. The opinions which he expresses may harmonize with or directly oppose the established order. But in either case, according to the legal rights of the individual, the freedom to express himself may not be questioned.

The early foundations of the Western nations was laid upon the struggle for civil and political rights. Those who settled the New World desired freedom to worship, to write, and to speak as they pleased. They also claimed the right to earn a living as they wished. Before the constitution of the United States was accepted those who drew up the document found it necessary to attach the Bill of Rights. This Bill included the specifically mentioned guarantees that no law could ever be passed which might limit the freedom of worship or abridge the right of free speech, free assembly, or the right of petition. Similar provisions have been incorporated in each state constitution as it has been drawn up. It is under such guarantees that street and public meetings for the preaching of the Latter-day Saint gospel and similar functions have been guaranteed.

It is an understood fact in democracies that people do not belong to the government, but that the government belongs to the people. No problem can be solved in a representative nation without the fullest and freest discussion. Ideas and theories on practices of governments, economic policies, principles of worship, and the value of social customs always differ. But unrestrained discussion of such differences lends stability to the basic institutions which are under consideration. Naturally there is no escape from much that is neither wise nor provident. But although a subversive condition may gain ascendency from time to time, falsehood and unsound ideas usually become gradually sifted out and discarded once they are made plain to the public. Thus freedom of speech becomes a great asset to a nation.

Freedom of speech also acts as a safety valve by which grievances find an escape through discussion. If they are justified, rectification may occur; if not, their folly may become plain. Freedom of discussion in regard to vexing problems on which there is great diversity of opinion also helps to clarify the spirit and logic of opposite points of view. Although the wisest course is not always taken, the discussion should help to point the way towards the achievement of what is desirable, or, at least, worth attempting as a measure of government.—Oliver Wendell Holmes said: "The best test of the truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market."

Even though these rights have been found very useful to both the government and to the governed, and although they are guaranteed by the organic law of the land, they have been repeatedly challenged. Although new conditions are constantly arising which call for interpretation, there are some elements in society which would suppress the freedom of speech. In times of national stress and disaster, laxness in moral standards produces a temporary breakdown in law enforcement. The right to free expression is then

restricted. For example: during the struggle between the forces of abolition and those of slavery that preceded the Civil War, the suppression of civil liberties occurred in many states. Among these suppressions was the curtailment of the freedom of speech. During labor controversies strikers have been repeatedly imprisoned and driven from their homes in spite of the constitutional guarantees of personal protection, property rights, and that of freedom of speech. Present disputes over new governmental forms and over the rights of laborers versus their employers are bringing the same rights into question. It is true that although some rights which are guaranteed by law have not always been protected, such rights are often spoken of as "sacred" by those who at times violate the guarantees.

However, freedom of speech is a right which should be exercised with care. It is a tool or a weapon of defense to be used by individuals and organizations throughout the nation. But it has been used in the past, and it can be used during the present, so unwisely that it has created a reactionary force which has in turn resulted in greater restriction of freedom. When mob violence was used to drive the Mormons out of their successive settlements, with its culmination in Illinois and Missouri, the mob suffered, as did the country in general, in the reaction to the violence. The government restricted the right of freedom of speech to a large extent for some time after the persecution. Because the mob took upon itself the punishment of those whom its defendants wished to restrict, the whole country lost a portion of its right to free speech for some time. The loss was shown in the restrictions which were placed upon all people in the matter of expressing their honest religious convictions.

It is well to realize that such possibilities exist in order to avoid them with due consideration for proper restraint. It is important that the privilege of freedom of speech should not be abused.

It is unpardonable to exercise the right towards the destruction of liberty. Although freedom of speech is a fundamental law of the country, it should never be interpreted to justify a concerted attack upon government or upon any form of society. There is a limit that must be placed upon the freedom of speech. It shall not directly give rise to *an* unlawful act. The Supreme Court of the United States has clearly pointed out some of the limitations of this law as the following quotation illustrates:

"That a state in the exercise of its police power may punish those who abuse this freedom by utterances inimical to the public welfare tending to incite crime, disturb the public peace, or endanger the foundations of organized government, and threaten its overthrow by unlawful means, is not open to question." United States Supreme Court, 268 U S 652.

It is clear however that it is the use and not the abuse of free speech that should be emphasized. And because fanatics and demagogues frequently do wrongfully appeal to sympathy or resort to violence to gain their ends, the public should be on constant guard against their devices in the name of free speech. People must learn to recognize the natural and reasonable restrictions that really act as a safeguard to the law.

Along this line of thought, Mr. M. C. Harrison in *Censorship of Speech and the Press,* by Berman,

has suggested limitations somewhat as follows:

1. There is no excuse under the plea of free speech to one who directly or intentionally incites unlawful action.

2. All governments have the power to determine how near to, or how remote from immediate incitement to crime, the law will take cognizance of spoken words.

3. The extent of free speech, or better, the amount of social tolerance to minority opinions, depends directly upon the general sense of security within a country. In war times the margin of security is reduced. Since the public mind then becomes hysterical and apprehensive, a large degree of social tolerance and the so-called right to free speech disappears. For example, during the World War, any one who expressed sympathy for any belligerent was apt to be branded as an undesirable citizen. If the person was of foreign birth the social intolerance was extreme. Arrest or ejection from the country was often demanded. But in times of peace the same kind of remark is not subject to particular notice.

During periods when communism, anarchy, or other radical departures from accepted governmental forms are being widely discussed, the basic guides for restriction should be kept in mind. Although free discussion is lawful and may contribute to a wholesome philosophy of life, no one has the right to promote or encourage unlawful acts under the protection of the law. Just as mob violence weakened the principle of law observance and order in the United States, the Inquisition which was the persecution of protestants who were bold enough to express their religious views, prolonged the Dark Ages in earlier history.

When restriction originates in government itself, liberal citizenship is denied. For example: the once great religious leaders in Russia and Germany have disappeared. Loss of property and other dire consequences have also resulted. And when citizens do not respect the right of free speech, we have such dreadful occurrences as assassination of presidents. Two United States chief executives, Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley, have lost their lives because radicals have not granted those presidents the right to express their views according to law, and also because the radicals were unwilling to attempt the accomplishment of their purposes through the regular channels of discussion.

Thus there is a happy medium to be sought. Both repression of the law of freedom of speech by a government and its abuse by the citizens result in periods of restriction to the exercise of the right.

That group or organization which understands the meaning and privileges of freedom of speech has within its grasp a powerful means for the achievement of many desirable purposes. But where such priceless and hard-earned privileges are enjoyed, those who have the right to them should sense the obligations and limitations of such power. People should realize that freedom of speech should be used for the building up of institutions and for the improvement and intelligent advancement of mankind and never for destructive purposes or discord.

Activities

1. Prepare a report on the difficulties experienced by missionaries in teaching the gospel through street meetings. How much of the opposition has been due to the failure of

people to recognize the rights of free speech?

2. On all questions of social policy and change why is it a good thing to allow an organized minority ample time to discuss its opinions before any legislative step is taken?

Literature for Missions

TYPICAL WOMEN IN THE CHURCH

Lesson 2

JENNETTE EVANS McKAY

SISTER HUEFNER was a German, born in Wales. We have seen that she suffered no handicap in the Church by reason of this fact. Let us now pass in brief review the life of a Welsh-born girl, Jennette Evans, born August 28, 1850, near the town of Merthyr Tydfil. It was in May of that year that her parents and their older children became members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Thus Jennette was born in the Church.

But in those days in Great Britain, as generally elsewhere, it took very much courage to join the unpopular Mormons. The Evans family exhibited this courage in high degree. For joining the Church her father was disinherited and cut off by his relatives. In order to join the body of the Church in America, he emigrated with his family in 1856, sacrificing a comfortable home and considerable other property, being able to sell them for only a small fraction of their value. But undaunted, the Evans family went to Liverpool and sailed for America.

Profiting by the sad experiences of some who began the long, hard trek across the Plains from the Missouri River to the Salt Lake Valley in the Rocky Mountains very poorly prepared, Brother Evans exhibited the good judgment characteristic of him by making a thorough preparation for this trying journey. On his way from Liverpool to Salt Lake he stayed three years in Iowa working hard to acquire a satisfactory equipment for crossing the Plains. This done, he and his family crossed in the Summer of 1859 and settled in Ogden, forty miles north of Salt Lake City.

Jennette was six years old when she left her native land with her family, and nine when they arrived in Ogden. Of course, she grew up with a keen memory of the experiences of that long journey and wisely profited by the many lessons she learned. Her parents were industrious, thrifty people. Times in early-day Utah were hard and life simple. Nevertheless her parents believed in education for girls as well as for boys; hence their children were given the best advantages the crude schools of the times afforded. Being studious and a lover of books, Jennette avidly seized every educational opportunity. These opportunities existed in the home, in Church organizations, in social contacts with her friends, as well as in the school room. None of them was neglected. Thus Jennette grew up to be a well-trained

and beautiful young woman, popular with all her associates.

One young man had been watching her for years. Finally he ventured a proposal of marriage, was accepted, and so Jennette became Mrs. David McKay on April 9, 1867. After marriage they moved from Ogden to Huntsville, a village in a high mountain valley a few miles east of Ogden. This continued to be their home the remainder of their days, a very happy one, made so by the love, unity and faith of the husband, wife, and their devoted children. It was always an ideal Latter-day Saint home.

It must be clearly understood, however, that such a home is not necessarily free from difficulties and trials. The McKay home had plenty of these.

Brother McKay was a farmer and stockman. He took his beautiful young wife to live in a farm home, a small one at first, furnished with only bare necessities. And he was even in debt for these and the farm. But hard work, thrift and wise management gradually reduced the debt until after thirteen years the farm was debt free and happiness supreme now reigned in the home though deep sorrow had previously entered there. Death had taken their two eldest daughters within a week of each other.

But now another trial came into this happy home, just made debt free. It was a call from the President of the Church for Brother McKay to go on a mission to Great Britain. How could this call be answered? Brother McKay was now out of debt, but he had no money to pay his way abroad and support his wife and her three young children (a fourth was expected) while he was away. So he said to her: "There can be no argument about my going now; it is absolutely impossible for me to leave. I shall write explaining conditions and ask for a leave of one year." This seemed to be the only reasonable thing to do.

Sister McKay replied: "And do you think there will be fewer obstacles to your leaving in one year than there are now?" His answer was: "Certainly, my dear! You will be well and strong again: without any more notes coming due, we could have a small savings account, and the farm could be rented so you would not have that to worry about." After some deliberation, to this statement she quietly answered: "I think it will be better for you to go now."

Get the picture: a strong young Scotch husband (Brother McKay was born and spent his early years in Scotland) who almost worshipped his wife, so great was his love, now looked into her face fully convinced that it was impossible to leave her now in her delicate and their impoverished condition; to do so would mean that she would have to manage the farm and support him and the children while he was away.

This task seemed to him insufferable, especially in view of her delicate condition. But so great was her confidence in the Lord that she felt all would be well; hence she insisted that he leave for his mission without delay. Argue and persuade as he did, he could not change her decision. At the moment she, too, could not see how she would be able to manage. Yet had not the call come from the Lord through His inspired servant? She could not doubt it. Hence certainly all would be well. In this crisis faith conquered, for it was supreme. A delicate woman exhibited herculean strength, and she was not later disappointed.

Her husband left shortly for his

mission. Ways unexpectedly opened; kindly friends did what they could; the Lord was ever near, though not without some trials, the McKay family prospered through the capable management of Sister McKay. The Lord made her equal to every task. Her baby girl arrived safely; her eight-year-old son, David, and his younger brother Thomas, willingly did their bits. Accordingly, she was able to keep the boys in school, to execute the plans made with her husband before his call to a mission, to enlarge and furnish the house, and to provide him with needed means.

On returning home her husband saw with astonishment the enlarged dwelling, the well-kept farm, and the healthy, happy family. During his absence his wife had written him little about their material affairs. As they knelt in family prayer that night, as was their custom, the husband poured out his heart in gratitude to the Lord for the faith of his wife, that sent him so promptly on his mission, and for the many blessings they all received during his absence.

Sister McKay was the mother of ten children, eight of whom still live. The quality of the mother is usually reflected in the children. "A tree is judged by its fruits." Those acquainted with the fine family she left need no further proof that Sister McKay was a high-grade woman. It is no surprise to learn that she encouraged her children to educate and make the most of themselves. All eight of them attended college, though this involved sacrifice and the strictest economy. To attend college they had to go away from home to other towns.

Sister McKay loved refinement and culture; but she loved service even more. Her husband was Bishop of their Ward for twenty years. As a Bishop's wife she found ample opportunity to exercise her sympathetic and generous nature. She was always looking after the sick in the Ward and those in need of comfort and cheer. Her home was as open as a public hostelry for the entertainment of visitors to the Ward. All callers received a warm welcome and were made to feel at home. She never sought for office; yet all her life she was an officer and worker in one or another of the auxiliary organizations of her Ward.

She was always a strong support to her husband and encouraged him in his Church duties in every way in her power. She did the same for her children. Her four sons all filled one or more missions. Two of her four daughters filled missions for the Church.

Sister McKay died January 5, 1905. On this occasion the Salt Lake Tribune, the largest circulating newspaper in Utah, and at the time bitterly anti-Mormon, said of her: "Few women in Weber County were more widely known or more universally loved than Mrs. David McKay, and the announcement of her death has caused a gloom of sorrow not only throughout Ogden City and Weber County, but over the entire State."

Questions for Discussion

1. What reasons may be given for the statement that Jennette Evans' parents were religious people?

2. What reasons may be given for the statement that her father was a wise, capable man?

3. Give reasons for believing that Jennette Evans was refined in her tastes.

4. Point out why she was a good wife.

5. Show that she was a good mother.

6. Show the value of prayer in daily life.

7. Give instances to illustrate the value of faith as a guiding principle in her life.

8. Her two eldest sons are David O. McKay and Thomas E. McKay, Second Counselor to President Grant and President of Ogden Stake, respectively. Why do you believe their mother must be given great credit for the fine achievements of these two sons?

9. Show that Sister McKay found joy in serving others.

10. Show that she was sympathetic and unselfish.

11. Give reasons for believing she did not seek office or public positions.

Child Guidance

Lesson 2

WORK AND PLAY

PLAY accomplishes several valuable results in the life of the child. In the first place, it helps him to gain muscular strength and accurate control of his body. The muscular coordination of children who have been brought up on a carefully planned play program is distinctly more developed than in the case of children whose play activities have been limited.

In addition to muscular coordination, play brings the child into contact with many objects and situations which enrich his sensory experience. Manipulation of materials also permits him to develop certain concepts which are necessary for successful adjustment in the physical world, for example, how to fit things together, how to pile objects so they will not fall, and knowledge of what various materials will withstand without tearing or breaking.

Even more important as an outcome of play activity is the growth of self-feelings and other aspects of personality. The child learns the joy of feeling himself as the cause of a ball flying through the air, or of a castle of blocks taking form and being shattered with a sweep of the hand. To pull the string of a kite or to walk a tight rope or fence gives the child the same sense of control, and this is frequently the principal delight in various forms of play. It is the reason why children play. Play also helps to prepare the child for future life and gives vent to surplus energy; but the child plays for the sake of playing, because the activity is pleasant in its own right; and it is pleasant, because it gives growth to his ego or self.

Play, then, is activity which the child enjoys for its own sake and which is free from external control or interference, and with no fixed goal in sight. Work, on the other hand, is controlled from the outside and is directed toward a goal other than the activity itself. This distinction has important applications for the parent. The child who is busy at constructing a wind mill is usually irritated when the observing "dad" comes along to tell how it ought to

be done. Instruction or direction from without promptly changes the task from play to work. It is not play unless the child can change his plans at will or abandon them completely if he cares to. If the child can be led to find for himself instructions on how to do the job, it still remains play. So long as no harm is being done, let the child find his own way while he plays: put opportunity in his way, but avoid directing what he shall do.

In recent years, educators have clearly recognized the value of play in the growth of the child, but the parent should keep in mind that the work attitude and the play attitude are essentially different, in that play is free activity initiated and controlled by the child while work is controlled activity restricted by the task and directions originating in someone other than the child himself. To attempt to "sugar coat" work and routine in order to get the child to do it, is a mistake. To entice him into thinking his routine is a game sometimes helps to get him to bed or to wash his hands before dinner; but as soon as the novelty wears off, the mother still has the task of building up the proper habits in relation to these tasks.

Early in the life of the infant, the mother should begin to establish a routine which is quite rigid and which must be followed for its own sake. Thus, regular hours of sleeping, eating, and attendance at the toilet should be insisted upon in order to build up physiological or bodily rhythms which will later take care of themselves without fussing on the part of either child or mother. The infant does not need to know why these things must be done in order for them to become habits which will attend to themselves, or with a minimum of urging. This is the work side of infant training. Play or free activity should not be emphasized to the neglect of this very essential part of the child's training. Later other chores may be assigned for regular attendance and built into habits that will to some extent become automatic also.

Routine and chores have an important relationship to play. Later in the life of the child play is a release from control; but if there is no control through routine and chores, how can play have its full value? Work may be made a condition for play by such teaching as the following: "Now, Jimmy, let's hurry and put the play things away and see how quickly and well you can wash for dinner so you can get back to your play that much sooner." If regular routine as to meal time has been established, hunger sensations will be present at this moment and will make dinner look like a pleasant diversion from play. We are all familiar with how even chickens can be taught to be hungry at a regular feeding time. The freedom that comes from getting the routine "over with" so the child can do as he pleases again makes real play possible.

Play life for the only child, or the child in a small apartment or dwelling, suffers frequently from the interference of the parents. Interruption of activities in progress for the child (or adult) is distinctly distasteful at best. When the parent persistently shouts for the child to be quiet, to go somewhere else, or not to play with the telephone or sewing machine, his play life is definitely hampered and he may even fall victim of a certain degree of the treacherous feeling that he is not wanted. What is really wrong in a home where this happens? The parents have not taken the child's need

for play seriously enough and have not made proper provision for it. A special room for the child or children to play in is as important as any other room in the house. It should be constructed so that there is little danger of damage to the room or injury to the child, and when he is in his room he should be king. Places should be provided for putting away toys and play materials, and proper light, heat, and ventilation should be provided so that the room will be pleasant in every respect. A number of cheerful pictures are often valuable aids to this end.

Since the child's need for play is as real as his need for food, he should be provided with ample materials suited to his stage of mental development. A number of guides to the play materials most suitable for various ages are now available, such as, "Play and Playthings," by Wolf and Boehm, (distributed by Child Study Association of America, 54 West 74th St., New York City). Plain blocks, large and small, brightly colored, are especially desirable for small children because they permit much building up and tearing down, and permit so many novel tasks the child can set for himself. At a later age, Tinker Toys and the mechanical building sets are perhaps the most desirable type of playthings as well as the least expensive in the long run. Wind-up toys are not usually to be recommended because they so often have sharp edges, their paints sometimes contain poisonous amounts of lead, and the springs usually break within a few days. Provide plenty of paper to cut up and mark with crayons and a small blackboard if possible, also picture books in abundance. Teach the child to make as many of his own toys as possible, for the enjoyment of making them is often as great as in using them.

A well planned play room will soon become the most favored haunt in the house, and it will save the work and trouble of having the play things all over the house. The child should be left as much alone in the play room as is consistent with safety and peace among the other children. Occasionally the mother should interfere to settle difficulties among the children and to see that the child follows his daily routine. She should see that the child has plenty of interesting materials at hand and sometimes even play with him to get him interested in some new activity, but in general she should leave him to himself as much as possible.

Before two years of age, as we saw in the lesson on social development, the child takes little interest in cooperating with playmates. It is not necessary, therefore, to provide playmates before this age and the child should be taught to play alone rather than to depend too much upon people to provide his amusement. After two years, however, he does begin to take an interest in other children and will play first in pairs and later in larger groups. It is important to see that the child has playmates of suitable age after he is two years of age. His social development is greatly hindered when he has no opportunity to learn to share with others and to cooperate with them.

Outside play is generally to be preferred to indoor because it is more healthful, and because it gives the child more opportunity for a wide range of activity. After about four years of age, children generally become interested in group games with progressively more complex rules. These games generally call

for plenty of room. Some parents make the mistake of putting the growth of a beautiful flower bed ahead of the development of the child. If possible a special yard of sufficient size should be provided for outdoor games. A certain amount of play apparatus can be constructed at a small cost and should be considered a necessity in any home building program. (For suggestions on economical out-door play materials see "The Child from One to Six," Publication No. 30, Children's Bureau, U. S. Department of Labor.)

Many parents say, "Yes, my child will play; but what can I do to make him work?" Children should probably be taught early in their lives that some things must be done other than tasks of their own choosing. Routine in infant care is a good preparation for work habits in later years. The task should be carefully chosen and should not tax the child's strength and sense of responsibility so much that he will be forced to fail. Choose first those things that you are sure he can and will do, then gradually build his sense of responsibility by more difficult tasks, taking special care always to avoid a breakdown in his willingness. Naturally the more interest the task holds, the more easily he can be motivated. Some chores about a home are simply too dull for the child to ever want to do them for their own sake, in which event the parent must look for ways to motivate him. An appeal can sometimes be made to his self-feelings by pointing out his value and usefulness to you. Everyone likes to feel that he is necessary to someone else. Expression of appreciation is often neglected by the parent, and naturally when the job is distasteful the child cannot be expected to do it cheerfully unless he gets something out of it in the way of praise, sense of being useful, or some material reward. Sometimes he can be shown that everyone has to do things he or she does not like to do, and that mother herself often does tasks for the child because she is interested in him and that the child should do likewise. This is dangerous ground, however, because devotion to mother can easily be overworked as a motive, and the devotion and the work are both likely to suffer.

It is possible for a parent to cultivate in the child an extreme distaste for work by forcing him to do drudgery with no other incentive except that she tells him to do it. We should look from the child's point of view whenever we set a task for him to do and take care that we do not ask the impossible. This does not mean that we should bribe him into doing everything we ask, but it means that we should set up some kind of incentive whenever we ask a difficult task. Dr. Goddard, who has had much experience in the training of dull boys relates the following incident to illustrate how the ego feelings of the child can be used to lead him to do the work:

"John . . . is one of the farmer boys, he has been carefully trained and can plough and harrow and drive a team and do various other work when once it is planned out for him. One morning he came over to the stable and the farmer said to him, 'John, you can plough that field today,' but John was not feeling happy. Perhaps he had a bit of indigestion, or he had not slept well. He did not appear with his usual good nature, and as a consequence he replied to the farmer, 'Ain't goin' to plough that field today.' To which the farmer replied pleasantly, 'Not going to plough the field, what do

you want to do?' 'Nothing.' 'Nothing? Well all right, do you want to go back to the cottage and rest today?' 'I don't know, I don't know, I don't want to do nothing.' 'All right, John, you just do nothing today. You just have a good time doing nothing. I'll find somebody to plough the field and you can do nothing all day. Of course, I am sorry that you don't feel like ploughing the field, because while I can find somebody to plough it, there isn't anybody that can plough it *quite so nicely as you can.*' And the farmer worked about, pretending to do something but in reality waiting for John. John could not withstand that little bit of flattery—any more than a normal person. The fact is, it made him *happy* and the moment he was happy the whole situation changed. After a few minutes he came along, perhaps rather sheepishly and said, 'Well, I guess I'll plough the field.' He got the thing that made him happy." (Goddard, H. H., Psychology of the Normal and Subnormal, pp. 324, 325.)

Old and young alike need a balance between work and play. Mothers would have better mental health if they would give themselves up to play more often. If a sharp distinction is drawn between work and play in the home, a great step is taken toward eliminating dawdling, procrastination, and slovenliness. The habit of working while we work so that we can really play while we play is invaluable for old and young.

Problems For Discussion

1. Show how play contributes to muscular, intellectual, and personality growth.
2. Why is excessive parental interference incompatible with real play?
3. Characterize the difficulties you would expect the child to meet on his first steady job as an adult when he has never done any chores or regular work at home. What difficulties in marriage would you expect a girl to meet when she has grown up under a mother who has always assumed all responsibility for the "chores"?
4. What is the effect on the child when the parents are too arbitrary in insisting that he do dull tasks without proper incentives?
5. What concrete measures can you take to improve the conditions in your home so that the children will have better play opportunities?

ONLY A SMILE

By Josephine Gardner Moench

A kindly smile and a pleasant word
May break through barriers wide,
And lead us back to common ground,
When differences abide.

We might exchange some recipes,
Or favorite flower seed,
Or give a timely word of praise,
Of which we're all in need.

And lo! the barrier may vanish quite,
Like mist before the sun,
And bitterness and quarrels end
Before they're scarce begun.

In Profound Appreciation of All My Misfortunes

By Isaac B. Ball

ON December 11, 1919, the little town of Enterprise, Alabama, erected the most unusual monument of which I have ever heard. It was a monument to the boll weevil, that notorious crop pest which brought alarming havoc to Alabama, and in fact to all the cotton growing states of the South. Here are the very words engraven on this monument by the very citizens who were victims of this voracious insect marauder:

"In profound appreciation of the Boll Weevil and what it has done as Herald of prosperity, this monument is erected by the citizens of Enterprise, Alabama."

Likewise, I personally would erect a monument to the misfortunes and the difficulties that have strewn my pathway through life thus far, and that have brought such havoc and suffering to my feelings and peace of mind. I would erect a monument to my calamities and defeats in profound appreciation of what they have done as "heralds" of deeper inner growths and of higher upward strivings.

And I write this in the full conviction that my own experience is but one common to human life in general.

After the scourge of the Mexican cotton boll weevil had come to Enterprise, Coffee County, Alabama, and had shaken its citizens out of the ruts of narrow traditional cropping systems and soil destroying practices, and had set them upon the highroad to better and more lucrative farming procedures, this community began to realize that what had seemed to be unmitigated loss and misfortune was in truth a blessing in disguise. So also have I, in common with almost every one else, in his own particular life, lived to see my losses and heart-breaking failures turn out to be friends and trainers for a better life than I had known before was possible for me.

"Of all possible universes in which to live, this one is seven times the worst"—thus have I sworn many times when the going was tough, and thus has many another distraught soul. But afterwards have I sensed the truth in these lines,

My name's Defeat—but through the bitter fight,
To those who know, I'm something more than friend:
For I can build beyond the wrath of might,
And drive all yellow from the blend:
For those who quit, I am the final blow,
But for the brave who seek their chance to learn,
I show the way, at last, beyond the foe,
To where the scarlet flames of triumph burn.

"Where the scarlet flames of triumph burn"—anything that can bring you or me to that place of heart's desire deserves our tribute and perhaps a grateful monument. And the particular fellow that can do that for any one is—Defeat. Good old Defeat! Good old Trouble! Good old Hard Luck! Good old Sorrow! All these that we fear and shrink from so naturally prove to be true friends, a bit gruff, 'tis true, but

still a good, none-better, group of trainers for the real battles of life.

"SWEET are the uses of adversity." They bring us benefits otherwise lost. To be droopy because of them is foolish. Showers alternate with sunshine, sorrows with pleasures, pain and weariness with comfort and rest; but the wise accept the one as necessary as the other and learn to enjoy both.

PIONEER MOTHER

By Grace Zenor Pratt

Pioneer Mother, we have seen the light of faith
In your clear eyes looking to westward there
Across the years; the far-flung vistas of your dreams
Have helped to make the wilderness a place of beauty,
And the rose has blossomed with your tenderness and grace.
You saw beyond the billowing sage and sandy plain—,
Beyond the toilsome present to some future day,
Far into time itself where faith must sometimes bring
Fulfillment to your dreams,—unselfish, triumphing.
Looking, still forward, you forgot the ceaseless toil
Your hands wrought willingly; all unafraid you held
A torch on high and that small spark of courage
Has illumined the darkness; now a steady flame—
It is a light which burns within our souls
And beckons on to higher nobler things.

. . Pioneer Mother, your calm eyes have seen beyond grey dawns,
Beyond rose-colored sunset, mirage, gloom and doubt—,
Forgetting self, you saw the glory of the years to be—
You saw the gleaners reap the fields you sowed in patience,
Bring in their sheaves of song and harmony and rhythmic beauty;
And that was all your generous and loving heart would ask . .
That we who followed you might find a lighter and an easier task. . .

A Little Trip to Yellowstone Park

By Ida R. Alldredge

THE dream of years was to be realized. I was actually to see that mystery of the ages, "The Yellow Stone Park." But how different was the real thing to the picture that I had carried in my mind. My wildest fancies had but feebly portrayed the scene which was now before me. For miles we had traveled beneath the majestic pines standing as sentinels guarding the way of the weary traveler.

Stopping to rest almost at the very gates we spent the night in a rustic log cabin on the banks of a beautiful stream which was lined on either side with rushes and gigantic trees. The cry of the hoot-owl only added to the beauty of the place.

Loathe to leave this peaceful spot we hastened on hardly knowing what to expect at our journey's end, but thrilled with the beauties of nature which surrounded us. After entering the gates we again traveled through the whispering pines whose feet laved in the cool water of the Snake river. Suddenly from the center of the stream there spouted, high into the air, a stream of boiling water rising and falling in rhythmic measure. Threading our way through a forest, with a carpet of green on either side, we passed small groves of trees standing naked before us, their huge white trunks gleaming in the sunlight while their bare arms pointed towards the heaven, as if asking a final benediction. Far up the mountainside smoke curled higher and higher. Or was it smoke? No, just another geyser sending forth its steaming spray.

IN a clearing not far from the road we beheld a magic picture. The earth was arrayed in gorgeous colors—yellow, orange, green, blue and pink, with varied shades of purple, all bathed in the warm waters from an outlet far above, while to the side a pool of mammoth size reflected the rainbow hues.

Continuing upon our way we were suddenly aware of a rumbling, as if a thunderstorm were approaching, but this time it came from the bowels of the earth. One hardly knew but that it might open at his very feet and claim him for its prey.

ONE of the most beautiful pictures of the entire trip was the "Morning Glory Pool," which lay peacefully upon the bosom of the earth. Shaped as the blossom from which it derived its name, its dainty pink blended into the delicate blue, the shadows cast deeper shades into its unfathomable depths.

The punch bowl with its scalloped edges rising about a foot above the ground is also well named. Its bubbling contents makes one wonder if it never tires of its perpetual motion. We turned from this to the paint pots. They too bubble but unlike the punch bowl the contents is thick and muddy. After going a short distance farther we were attracted by a loud roaring and in a moment we were standing, looking in awe at what is called the "Dragon's Mouth." We heard the rising and falling of the water within the mighty chasm of the mountain, dashing against its walls and then with a mighty roar spitting it forth as

if happy to rid itself of something unclean. One longs to gaze into that huge chasm and study the forces that threaten to destroy and rip from its foundation the mountain which shields it.

Hesitatingly we left this fascinating monster to view its neighbor, the "Mud geyser," that claimed as one of its victims a chubby cherub, who answered the call of his childish questionings and helplessly yielded to its diabolical force. It belches, then swallows with a monotonous regularity.

We shook ourselves free from its uncanny influence and hastened on our way lest it overtake us and lure us into its terrible embrace.

Again we stood upon a heaving structure of earth, rent in twain by countless smaller eruptions and we seemed to actually feel the earth shake beneath our feet. Everywhere the earth has opened up and hot water belches forth unmindful of its visitors who dare not trust their host.

TIME pressed but we must not leave until we had paid our respect to "Old Faithful," which rises to a height of over a hundred and fifty feet in unfailing regularity, measuring the hours year by year.

As a last farewell we stopped to view the river which through countless ages has cut its way through mighty gorges leaping into the chasms thousands of feet below. Purple shadows play upon the gigantic cliffs on either side. Step by step we descended into the deepening shadows until we stood beneath the waterfall, sheltered from the foamy spray.

We left the park behind just as evening's curtains closed about us and folded us in the mantle of the night. The clouds hung heavy in the sky sending forth their tears, when lo! a magic rainbow spanned the heavens giving us hope and courage to climb the heights to higher and better things.

OUR PIONEERS

By Ella J. Coulam

They are so valiant—those old Pioneers,
And wise with wisdom that long living brings,
Old folks who have traveled through the years
Facing dire hardships and conquering things.
The way was made so plain for them to take
And in humility they knelt in prayer
Then blazed the trail for their religion's sake
Trusting in God for His protecting care.

A look of recompense is in their eyes,
Their silver hair is God's great diadem.
Through courage and endurance they are wise,
Unchanging love dwells in the hearts of them.
The brilliant rays of their setting sun
Proclaim to the world—a victory won.

Answered

(A True Story)

By Fern J. B. Russon

A SLIM little lady with a halo of wavy gray hair and a shy, sweet face sat on the back row in the cozy Relief Society room. She always sat there, as her retiring nature demanded just such a place. She was an earnest member, and as a visiting teacher had many a day trudged through heat of sun and cold of snow and wind to carry comforting words into a bereaved home. Many a night she had stood faithfully near a weary mother, worn with anxious hours of waiting and watching over a sick child. Many a dish of hot wholesome food had she carried to the lonely old couple around the corner from her little home.

But she was so shy. Timidity always conquered when she felt an urge to arise and give voice to the testimony that lay deep and sincere in her heart. Timidity tied her tongue when she felt sure she knew the answer to a question or the proper solution of a problem in the lesson. Timidity nearly ruined her joy every time the idea struck her that the Sister in charge might call on her to offer the opening prayer. And if such a calamity passed her by, she would sit in fear until some one else had been called to pronounce the benediction. But as the years went by and her anxieties had proven groundless, she gained a slight degree of assurance that she needn't worry.

One day when she really didn't happen to be thinking about it, she was startled by the softly spoken words, "Sister Silver, will you offer the opening prayer for us, please?"

She sat for an instant, stupefied. Then, quickly sensing the silence hanging on her response, she said slowly and in a low tone, "I'd rather not. I'm sorry."

SOME one else answered the repeated request and nothing was said about the refusal. Apparently, it was only what almost anyone there would expect from shy, sweet Sister Silver.

But down in the heart of the little lady in the back row, there was turmoil, chilling her, reproving her. "Anna May Silver, why did you do that?" chided a voice within her. "Where is your testimony? What has become of your faith—the faith left to you as a heritage from your pioneer parents and strengthened by your activities in this organization? Really, you ought to be ashamed." And she was ashamed.

"You ought to arise and apologize before this group," continued her prompter, "and tell your President she didn't deserve that answer from you."

These darts and more pricked her soul. She looked sorrowfully at her leader, then bent her head and rested her eyes on the cold, thin hands in her lap. She prayed a deep, silent prayer, "Lord in Heaven, forgive my weakness and my refusal. Truly, Lord, I repent and plead for Thy help in this my hour of great need."

PRESENTLY conscience, whose stern voice first aroused her, was silent. Only Faith and Courage came to meet her and each took one

of Anna May's hands in her own warm ones. Faith looked firmly into her eyes and said, "Your mother bent low in sorrow over the new-made grave of her first-born somewhere out there amid the stones and the storms of Wyoming. She offered a prayer, "Lord, I do thank thee for the sweetness this little one has brought into my life. And now wilt Thou watch over his grave and keep his spirit safe with Thee? I thank Thee for the other child given to me and for others that may yet be given. Help me, Lord, to ever praise Thy wisdom and trust in Thy kindness."

Courage said, "Anna May, your father and his companions faced a band of howling hideous savages to protect the homes where you and dozens of other helpless infants slept, and by the magic of their daring and strength, turned their enemies back on their course and sent them fleeing in terror." Anna May thought, "And I can stand before my Sisters and give thanks for my blessings and theirs," and a new feeling of strength filled her being.

WHEN she emerged from her introspection, she found the President looking at her with kind, understanding eyes that bore no trace of rebuke and that saw in her face traces of a new emotion she had never before noticed.

And now, miracle of miracles, Anna May knew she wanted to pray. She actually wished the President would ask her again. But how was the President to know? She couldn't ask for the privilege could she? But she turned a hopeful glance toward her leader.

Only parts of the lesson here and there did Anna May grasp as she glanced up more often from her lap. And only a thought now and again did the President gather as her eyes wandered increasingly often in Sister Silver's direction.

No one noticed the silent little drama being enacted during the peaceful progress of the meeting. No one knew that in the heart of the one there was deep, sincere repentance and a yearning for another chance. And no one knew that in the heart of the other there was simple, divine inspiration that bade her overlook the refusal and read the message written on the pale face in the back row.

At length the lesson ended. It had been beautiful; but not less beautiful was the spirit that had turned a timid refusal into a desire to be asked to pray. The closing song "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire" was sung by the Sisters. Then the President said, "Sister Silver, will you offer the benediction, please?"

The words that fell from Sister Silver's lips in humility and fear, were laden with gratitude, sincerity, and strength. And while some wondered — and still wonder — others realized the battle that had been fought and won in the heart of the little lady in the back of the room.

TO THE DREGS

By Eleanor Welch Schow

They told me the dregs would be bitter if softly I sipped the cup;
I must drink all the rue and the aloes, and I needs must stir it up.
It was mine to drain to the finish, and none but myself could sip;
So I trusted In Him who gave it, and raised it to my lip;
But I looked at the loved ones about me, who dreaded to see my pain,
And it grieved me to see them sorrow for me, so I sipped again.
When none was near to stay me, I imbibed all I could in haste,
Though I found it hard to swallow because of an acrid taste;
Sometimes the draught was so bitter I could not be serene,
And again it seemed a nectar, and sickly saccharine;
At times it was sacrificial, seething hot as a cup of flame;
Then 'twas blessedly sacramental, and I quaffed of it in God's name.
When the time came at length to drain it, and the ordeal I braced to meet,
Lo! My cup bore a sugar coating, and the dregs were honey sweet.

THE DUST STORM

By Sadie Ollorton Clark

The hills are hidden from my eyes today,
Great clouds of dust enshroud their barren sweep.
The rocks are grimed, the cactus, too, is gray;
Oh rust hued sky, is there no cause to weep?
There is no sign of spring in this drear land,
The dust destroys the blossoms 'ere they form,
And every stream where water flowed, lies sand.
There is no grass to hold the dew at morn.

My thoughts turn backward to a spring I knew,
High mountain peaks, snow capped, beneath a sky
Of purest azure. Clean winds swept on high,
And racing clouds were feathers on the blue.
The yellow clouds still roll, yet I can sing,
For I still keep the mem'ry of that spring.

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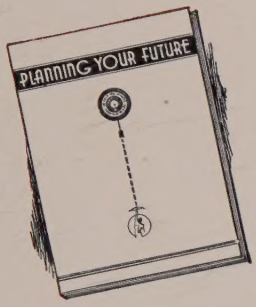

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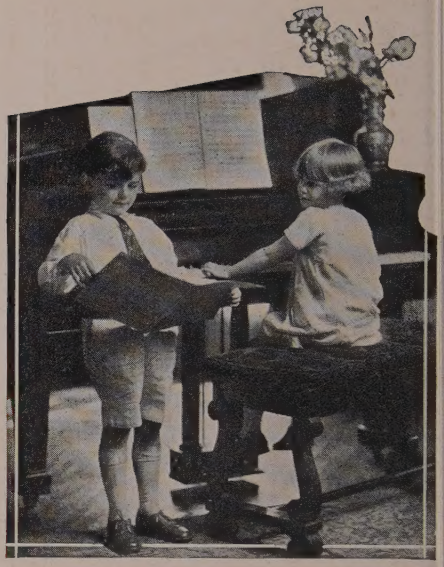
The Music Lesson

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